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THE STORY OF G. WASHINGTON.

BY A LITTLE BOY.

There once lived a plantier,
With a son, his only love;
To whom, upon his birth day,
A bran new axe he guv.

The plantier had a garding,
All filled with appel trees,
Which for the city market
He was trying for to reeze.

The boy he takes the hatchet,
Quite jolly and jocund;
And going to the appel trees,
He chops them to the grund.

The father called his servants
And ranged them in a row;
"Who has chopped down my appel trees,
And killed them root and bow?"

The servants stand amazed,
All drawn up in a line;
Then comes a runnin' up to him
His young and youthful sine.

"I cannot tell a lie, Pa,"
The youthful boy began;
"Twas I that chopped the appel trees,
'Twas I, your little san."

Now who, then, was this father,
And who his filial kin?
It was the noble Bushrod,
And young G. Washingtin.

MORIAL.

Then whoso takes a hatchet,
And appel trees chops down—
If he lives long enough will be
A great and pious mown.

CLAUDE NIGHT;

OR,

A BLACK MASK AND A WHITE FACE.

CHAPTER LII.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE—EFFORTS TO ESCAPE—CASTELFORT POISONED—A VILLAIN'S DEATH—THE CAMEO RINGS—WHAT OF ETHELIND?

The footstep approached.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Mildmay, pausing in his efforts to conceal one of the globes, and seizing his pistol.

"Hush!" Blood muttered, hoarsely. "Hush! and be ready to fly with the booty when I give the signal. 'Tis but one man coming, and we are four!"

How he meant to meet and treat the intruder was evident enough by the fierce roll of his savage eyes and the way in which he stood before the door with his naked dagger. But for once Colonel Blood was foiled. The heavy footstep indeed came on to the very door, but instead of entering and permitting himself to be seized by the murderous hands of the powerful robber, the young warder who thus disturbed the party uttered a shout of horror and rushed back with the speed of lightning towards the guard room.

"Curse him!" shouted Blood, seizing the pistol from Mildmay's hand and firing it after him in his desperation.

But the shot missed, and the man, crying "Murder! Robbers! Ho, guard!" rushed on.

Blood turned swiftly. "We're done; *sauve qui peut!*" he exclaimed, seizing on the crown and stuffing it under his cloak. "We shall have to fight our way!" And not waiting to see who followed him, the big Irishman daringly dashed down the passage along which the warder had gone.

Catching up one of the globes, Mildmay followed.

"Madmen!" Castelfort called hoarsely. But 'twas too late—they were gone.

"Come!" Claude cried, desperately; "we *must* be madmen—there's no help for it; we must cut our way out, or be caught here like rats in a trap!"

As he spoke, he dashed out, his pistol in one hand and sword in the other, and, as the two other robbers had done, ran down the passage. Meanwhile the alarm had been spread, and the cries of "Robbers! murder!" resounded on all sides.

The guard turned out—the warders rushed about—arms clashed, pistols were fired. How far Blood and Mildmay had succeeded in their efforts at escape Claude Night and Castelfort knew not; but their own path looked so desperate, lined as it was with the roused guard and armed warders, that, daring as they were, both hesitated. In the confusion of surprise, what had actually occurred seemed as yet imperfectly understood; and though armed men rushed about, no general move was made towards the armory. Claude saw this, and in an instant he determined not to rush into certain death by pursuing the same path that the other robbers had. With that presence of mind which the constant danger his profession surrounded him with made a necessary habit, he recollected that on their way to the Regalia room the old warder had shown them a small apartment, about which he had told them some long-winded story of murder and ghosts, and which he had left open until they should return. Forgetting his hatred of Castelfort, in the desperate danger of the moment, he clutched hold of his arm, and, dragging him forward, exclaimed, "To the ghost room—we can find a refuge there!"

The noise and shouting was increasing every moment, and the name of "Blood" they heard distinctly mingled with the cries of "Stop him!" Meanwhile they cautiously advanced, and just as the rush of footsteps turned suddenly towards the Regalia room, they reached the small apartment, in the door of which still hung a heavy bunch of keys. Quick as lightning, Night opened this, withdrew the keys, and, together, he and Castelfort entered and closed the door just in time to hide themselves from the advancing guard. They heard them pass, and then, as they reached the scene of the murder and robbery, break into a perfect storm of oaths. Claude stood motionless before the door, with his drawn sword. If they were discovered, he knew what to expect; but he was determined not to lose his life without an effort. Castelfort, to his astonishment, had no sooner entered the refuge, than, throwing himself on the floor, he remained still as a corpse.

"There were four," suddenly Claude heard a voice exclaim, as footsteps clanked back again, and, to his horror, paused just opposite this room. "I'd stake my life I admitted four, and only Blood and the boy passed us—the others must still be in the Tower."

"'Sdeath, then, they'll swing yet," was the reply. "We'll hunt them like rats, and old Phillipson knows every hole in the place. As soon as he's got his senses he'll be after them."

"Ay, ay! but, meantime, place guards along this way, and let's back and report to the Lieutenant. A pretty mess he and all of us are in if the villains got off with the crown!"

The order was quickly obeyed, as Claude's keen ear told him; and, as he stood listening, the voices of men at a little distance, and a confusion of sounds, which momentarily increased rather than diminished, convinced him that the whole force in the Tower were now aroused and under arms, and that to attempt any open flight would be utter madness. What was he to do? For it must be confessed he scarcely considered his companion, who still lay like a log of wood on the ground, utterly motionless, and apparently senseless, and it was only his own means of escape that troubled him. Directly the stunned warder recovered his senses, he would probably recollect this open room, and direct them to search it. To remain there, therefore, was impossible. Anxiously he glanced round the room, but nothing in its four bare and solid walls suggested any means of escape. Something must be done, however, Claude felt, and that quickly; the more time he allowed to elapse, the greater grew the risk of discovery. From that place they must get out somehow. He moved cautiously from the door, for the proximity of the guard made the slightest noise hazardous, and approaching Castelfort, roused him with his foot.

"Rise, man! unless you would be killed like a polled ox!" he exclaimed in a low, contemptuous tone. "We must get out of this, and you may as well help as lie there like a whipped hound. Rise!"

Castelfort raised his head, and then even Claude was struck by the death-like expression in his haggard eyes. Snatching a flask of brandy, which he always carried with him, he held it out to the wretched man, who took it with an eager but trembling hand, and drank a long draught. It seemed to revive him, for he immediately staggered to his feet, and gazed around him.

"Where are we?" he exclaimed, steadily, but with a bewildered air.

"Why, in the Tower, man! And, if we don't look out, we shall soon be in the dungeons. Wake up, if your value your life!"

The ruffianly nobleman seemed to make a tremendous effort.

"Ah! I remember; it's the crown plot! Blood's failed, and we're lost! I know this room, though."

Claude looked sharply at him. Was the man going, or gone mad?

But it was no time now to wonder—no time even to remember that they were deadly foes; they must aid each other.

"You know this room?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Dost know any secret in it?"

An almost fiendish triumph flashed over the Earl's face. "I ought, methinks; but——"

"But what? Are you mad? Hear you not the guard without?"

He turned, half hesitating; then crossing the room without any apparent difficulty, he found some spot on the stone floor which, as he touched with the butt end of his pistol, made a grating sound.

"Under this stone is a hollow way leading to the vaults; but if the tide is up it is impracticable," he exclaimed.

"High water or low, we must attempt it!" Claude answered, desperately, and knelt down to examine the floor.

"Years have passed since it was last used. The stone will take strength and trouble to remove it," said Castelfort, anxiously, "and all my power is going."

"Leave me to work, then."

And seizing his tools, which in his hurry he had not forgotten in the Regalia-room, the highwayman proceeded dexterously to clear away the mortar or dirt which was thickly surrounding the stone. Meanwhile, to describe the agony of his suspense would be impossible. Fortunately, both of them were powerful men, and the immense stone once loosened, they could raise it with ease. It took an hour's patient work, however, during which they every instant dreaded a surprise, before they effected this, and, to their satisfaction, the narrow tunnel of a secret way at length opened before them.

"Come!" Claude muttered, without hesitation, dropping into the darkness of the square hole. "It is this or a dungeon—come!"

He found himself on his feet; and a rush of damp, cold air, blowing in his face, put utter blackness on all sides. Desperate, however, and accustomed to be guided by signs other men would scarcely have noticed, he turned, and facing the current of air, pushed resolutely forward, with one hand extended in front of him, the other held aloft to protect his head. Castelfort followed. For some moments not a sound but their quick gaspings and shuffling footsteps broke the dark stillness, and still facing the current of air, they pushed on. Whether Castelfort really knew an exit by this way, Claude did not stay to question. That it led somewhere was evident, and nowhere could be much more dangerous than the former position, close to the scene of their outrage.

"Turn to the right now," suddenly Castelfort's hoarse voice exclaimed.

Claude obeyed, and then in a few seconds, to his satisfaction, appeared a glimmering of light. This increased as they proceeded, and soon a grey haze enabled them to see that they were standing in a passage ending in a sort of vault. The use of this was not at all evident, for it wore no appearance of being used as a prison, and was lighted by a square grating through which the river was visible. At a glance, Claude understood Castelfort's first anxiety about the tide; for, from all appearance, the vault was under water at high tide, and unless they managed to escape soon drowning was inevitable. For an instant, Claude stood surveying all this, and examining the iron bars through which it would be necessary to file a way; and then, turning suddenly, he was about to call on Castelfort for the tools, when, to his surprise, he saw him again extended in that motionless manner on the damp floor of the vault. The highwayman hated that man more than any other on the face of the earth; but he was too generous to leave him utterly helpless, after reaping the benefit of his knowledge; and so, bending over him, he once again offered him the brandy flask. The strange, ghastly look again came over the hideous face of the doomed man; but the draught of strong spirits sent a flush of fierce life into his haggard eyes.

"What ails you, man?" Claude exclaimed. "Hast been drinking?"

Castelfort's eyes rolled, and an expression of deadly hatred animated them as he turned them on his foe. With a desperate effort he roused himself into a sitting posture and leaned against the damp, mossy wall.

"Ten thousand curses on you!" at length he exclaimed, clenching his hands in agony; "and ten million of curses on that female fiend! No!" he added, as Claude scornfully pushed the brandy again towards him—"no! the game's up, and it's only torture for nothing! But though I die, *you—you*, curse of my life, will not be one shade better for——"

He broke off, apparently in desperate, mortal agony, and grinding his teeth, beat the wall with his hands and head in a manner which, in spite of his own position, appalled Claude Night even to witness. That the miserable man was suffering torture, he saw; but that he was dying, he could not believe.

"Tut, man! rouse up!" he exclaimed. "We are on the eve of safety! You won't die here!"

"I am poisoned!" groaned the Earl. "Portsmouth's poisoned me, thinking it was you! I am losing my life for you, cursed villain, whom I have pledged my soul to hunt to the death!"

Claude started.

"The Duchess of Portsmouth!" he exclaimed, throwing down the file with which he was about to commence operations on the iron grating, and forgetting even his danger in the astonishment of hearing that name from Castelfort's lips.

But a sudden change had come over the doomed man. His white features, disguised as they were, were visibly stamped by death, and working in an agony horrible to see, and he seemed scarcely sensible of anything but intense suffering. At length, however, the struggle seemed to grow fainter, and then, starting up with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "I swore I would kill you in this expedition, and I would have kept my oath had I been able; but, nevertheless, you will reap nothing! You may get the rings, but you will never know the secret!" He laughed an awful laugh, and fell back.

"The rings!" Claude exclaimed, clutching him by the arm.

"Ay, the rings, and the mystery of your birth! Only Ethelind and I know it; and—and——"

Again the wretched man fell back.

"Ethelind!" sternly exclaimed Claude. "What of her? Speak, miserable wretch!"

"She will *never* tell it, for—for the same reason that I *cannot* now!"

His head dropped forward—an agonizing spasm shook him from head to foot—and the Earl of Castelfort was a corpse!

To describe the horror of the witness of this terrible scene would be impossible. That this fiendish husband of Ethelind Castelfort was dead, absolutely dead, was all that Claude seemed capable of understanding in his first bewilderment; but the meaning of the few words he had uttered soon dawned upon him with horrible import. For an instant or two he sat gazing at his dead enemy. Ay, he could fill up the blanks of the story. This man had intended to deceive the Duchess to gain possession of the rings. She—mistaking him for himself (Claude) the being she had so much to fear from—had administered to him the deadly draught which she had probably decided as the best means of silencing her former lover. This he could understand easily enough; but those words concerning the Countess—what did they mean? Death prevented those ghastly lips from speaking. Could it possibly be that death also was the seal which should close hers? Had the brutal husband fulfilled his oft-repeated threats? His agony was intense; and he stood motionless by the hideous corpse, forgetful of his danger, and of everything, until a sudden rush of water over the floor roused him.

Ha! the tide was rising! If he would escape he must renew his exertions. This was no place to ponder over even the mystery of his life. Before he left that bloated, distorted body forever, he determined to search for all the evidence he could; and then, in tossing out the contents of a small pocket-like bag which the dead man had suspended round his neck, he came upon those two cameo rings for which so much evil had been done, and which had cost Robert Castelfort his sin-loaded life. His at last! But would he escape to make them now worth possessing; and, if he did escape, would the mystery of their importance ever be revealed to him? Still, with desperate energy, he began filing at the bars of the grating, resolved to do his utmost to complete his flight. The task was not difficult, for the iron was rusty, and it seemed as if fate was favoring him, when suddenly a boatfull of armed men shot from round a corner, and before he could plunge into the river, strong arms seized him.

"I wagered they'd try this game," said a voice, sharply. "Yield, fellow—you are my prisoner!"

CHAPTER LIII.

LONDON IN COMMOTION—THE CROWN JEWELS—PARDONED—THE GUILTY DUCHESS—HER STAR WANING—MORE POISON—MORE PLOTTING—TRUSTING TO CHANCE.

All London rang next day with the news of the remarkable attempt on the Crown jewels, and curiosity was rife to know what would be done with the daring robbers. Blood and Mildmay had been taken, after a terrible struggle, and lodged in the Tower. The corpse of the Earl of Castelfort had also been found, and identified as one of the party who had so cleverly duped the warders; but the highwayman, Claude Night, had contrived to escape—escape, it was said, from under the very hands of a boatfull of armed men! The honest burghers talked of nothing else but the great robbery; the 'prentices grouped together, and admired Blood's daring, at the same time talking joyfully of the Tyburn exhibition which would surely result from it. Even the courtiers were full of the remarkable deed, and the Court beauties discussed it with enthusiasm. But it was when the King's judgment on the affair became known that astonishment and conjecture reached a climax. The prisoners had been taken before Charles himself, surrounded by his Court, and, to the surprise of the whole world (except, perhaps, a select few), *pardoned!* It was said that Blood's promise to do the King some service in some faction in which he was powerful had induced Charles to mercy; but few accepted this explanation, and the strange act of the King excited scarcely less astonishment and wonder than the attempted robbery itself. Generally, the world of London was indignant at it, too; and there were some oaths sworn amongst the searchers after Claude Night that, could they but find him, in spite of the royal pardon, he should answer in his person for the clemency shown to his comrades. And where was the highwayman? Perhaps never in all the course of his exciting career had he excited such general interest, or, indeed, had been in such danger. As may be supposed, there was one person who listened for the slightest news of him with an intensity of interest that surpassed all others, and that was the beautiful, guilty woman who had intended to take his life. To her, the mystery of the livid corpse found in the Tower, and which had apparently been the companion of Claude Night's flight until death stopped him suddenly—the mystery which no one else could explain to her was comprehensible enough. She had been duped, and if this man, in whose hands the secret of her double guilt lay, escaped, her danger was imminent. The news of her failure had come upon the unscrupulous, daring woman with such a shock, that for a time her usual self-possession failed her, and she knew not what to do. It was whispered, too, that some of the noblemen most indignant at the King's strange mercy had resolved to accuse Claude Night of the murder of Castelfort, rather than permit him to escape under the royal pardon, and then the Duchess knew that the history of her own evil deed would become known. No wonder that her anxiety was intense. At the same time she was powerless. Her enemy was beyond reach, and she could only wait and dread his re-appearance. For the first time almost in her life, Henrietta of Portsmouth dared not plot. Meanwhile, the King continued offended, and, in spite of all her efforts, though he came to see her as usual, evinced a coldness which lasted longer than had ever happened in all the course of his intimacy, and it was in vain she lavished on him her brightest smiles and most magnificent toilets. Her star, Henrietta of Portsmouth feared, was waning, and it made her fierce heart beat fiercer than ever. She was sitting in that small apartment which had witnessed so many scenes of love and deadly hatred, the night after the news had reached her of Claude's escape, meditating on her position, when Hubert approached her with that daring familiarity which he alone ventured on, and informed her that an elderly female desired an audience. It was late; but with that restless hopefulness which never quite deserted her, the haughty Duchess, vaguely trusting that the visit might have some connection with Claude Night, ordered her to be admitted. Why, she scarcely knew, but as the door opened, and admitted a pale faced, green eyed woman, shabbily dressed, Lady Portsmouth felt as if fate again was smiling on her—as if chance had again offered her a helping hand—and almost eagerly she turned towards her. Lady Portsmouth certainly did not recognize her visitor, but with that carelessness of truth which characterized her, she said, with more than usual courtesy, "You would speak with me, friend. Methinks we've met before, too."

"Your Grace thinks wrong, then," answered Mistress Perling, for it was no other than she. "I have never had aught to do with your service, and have never seen the color of your gold, though folks do say it's plentiful enough."

There was a certain tinge of contempt in the woman's speech and manner which made the eyes of the haughty favorite of the King flash fire; but she controlled herself.

"And wherefore do you seek me, then?"

Mistress Perling, in no wise abashed, approached more nearly, and pointing to the page, who stood close to his mistress' chair, exclaimed, "That's not so soon told. But it's only for your ear, madam; and that youngster must take himself off before I begin."

"In sooth, mistress, you are not over civil in your manner of address, and I am little accustomed to hear such rough speech; but I will grant your desire and hear you in private. Retire, Hubert," the Duchess said, with calm dignity.

No sooner was the youth out of hearing, than, putting on a more respectful tone, Mistress Perling exclaimed, "Oh, my Lady Duchess, know you aught of the whereabouts of the highwayman, Claude Night?"

The Duchess started, but she was too subtle a schemer to show her own position before she understood more of that of her interlocutor.

"The highwayman!" she answered, with almost scornful calmness. "And prithee, friend, what have I to do with him? What should I know of him?"

Janet's snaky eyes grew more cunning looking.

"Hist, my lady! I know a thing or two, and 'tis no use playing the fine dame with me. I know to whom it was Claude Night sent when lying under sentence of death at Newgate, and to whom should he come now but to one who has most interest with the King—more than my Lady Castelfort, though she would give her life for the Captain?"

The Duchess was puzzled. Was this woman endeavoring to dupe her, or did she really speak in sincerity? There was nothing at all sincere or even honest looking about Mistress Janet. She had all the appearance of what she was, which was anything but attractive or moral; but the Duchess prided herself on being a good judge of character, and she decided that Mistress Perling was not much of a plotter, and might therefore be supposed to tell the truth, unless paid to do otherwise. Whether she was correct in her opinion we leave our readers, who know Janet, to decide; only we must remind them that though Janet has been frequently introduced as a medium and messenger, she has never been brought forward in the character of confidant. Claude and Lady Castelfort used her house as a rendezvous; but neither of them permitted her to know the business which called them thither. The only information which she had of Claude's history, and which she hitherto had kept strictly to herself, was that which concerned the very commencement of his career, and even of times anterior, of which the highwayman himself knew nothing. But to return to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

"You seem to know something at any rate, friend," she said, calmly; "but methinks you have not shown how I know aught of Claude's present whereabouts."

Janet looked anxiously at her, as if studying her face with some purpose; then suddenly approaching her, she held out a small soiled piece of paper, saying, "Does your ladyship deny your own writing?"

The Duchess seized it. To her astonishment, it was the note she had written to Claude Night, inviting him to come to her and receive the cameo ring. Words cannot depict her wonder.

Concealing it, however, as it was necessary to the comprehension of the mystery, she said, almost severely, "And how came this into your possession? Speak truly, woman!" Her flashing eyes completed the threat.

"Look on the other side and your grace will learn, perhaps, how the note came into my hands," Janet replied surlily.

The Duchess complied, and approaching more nearly to the light, with some difficulty made out the words:—

"I shall be at the den ere morning; if possible, communicate with Kingston, and get him to meet me. C. N."

The mystery was more than even Henrietta's acuteness could penetrate; and she sat turning over the paper, fearful of hazarding her position by a careless question, and fearful of losing the opportunity of again getting on Claude's track. She noticed that the paper was damp, and had evidently been used to fold some circular substance in. Meanwhile, Janet never took her snaky eyes from the beautiful face of her companion.

"Well," at length said the Duchess, "and what is this to prove?"

"Only that I know your ladyship has seen Captain Night, and you would do a good act if you would tell me where he is to be found."

"A good act!" and Lady Portsmouth smiled. "What, to betray him?"

"Nay, nay; even Claude Night knows I would not do that; but I have a communication for him, which——" She paused, evidently not certain of how far it was safe to trust the beautiful Duchess.

"Which—Go on, friend."

"Which is important—indeed, a matter of life and death, I fear; and a few hours may make all the difference."

Henrietta felt that the woman spoke truly, at any rate, and that her eagerness was no affectation. Her curiosity was roused. For a moment or two she pondered, her acute mind working with a power which it was pitiful should be wasted on the mere intrigue of crime.

"Woman," at length she said, rising and turning sternly towards Janet, "I have sworn an oath to Captain Night. I cannot reveal his hiding place even to you, though I believe you are his friend."

"Tut, tut, my lady! What are oaths when a human life is in danger? Captain Night would break a dozen rather than the prayer of the young Countess should come too late; and that brutal Earl—"

Lady Portsmouth started, and then, as an idea suddenly flashed across her mind, she bent forward and fixing her dark eyes on the woman, said with noble dignity, "An oath is an oath; but listen, friend. I will undertake to communicate with Claude Night, and perform any promise for this unfortunate lady you may have undertaken."

Mistress Perling hesitated.

"In truth, it was a chance that I received the billet; and my poor lady knew that if it reached the Captain's hands it would be a risk; but—"

She looked keenly at the face which was now carelessly bending over the fire, as the Duchess stooped to warm her white jewelled hands; then, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, she took from her pocket another scrap of paper more soiled and crumpled, if possible, than the other, and held it out to her.

"If your ladyship can give that to the Captain before morning and tell him I sent it to him, you will be doing a good service to one who's suffered her share in this weary world, and," she added, in a lower tone, turning away, "any how, I shall see the Captain to-morrow, and so, if your highness does deceive me, it's only the night lost."

"Stay a while, friend!" exclaimed Lady Portsmouth. "Perhaps I can perform your mission more quickly than you think; rest here a while."

As she spoke the Duchess rose. Janet's eyes gleamed, delighted.

"What, my lady! the Captain so close at hand?"

Lady Portsmouth smiled, and only pointing towards a seat, walked with stately grace from the apartment into the adjoining boudoir. There, slipping a small quantity of white powder into a cup, and filling it up with wine, she proceeded to summon Hubert.

"Take that to the woman in the next room," she said, quietly fixing her glittering eyes on the cunning youth. "Remain with her till she drinks it, and then convey her to the chamber in which there is the ghostly tapestry. Let all be done quietly."

The boy seemed to understand the order perfectly, and, with a smile, took up the cup and departed. The instant she was alone the Duchess' magnificent face clouded over with an expression of intense anxiety, and drawing the wax taper towards her, she proceeded to decipher the almost illegible writing on the paper which she had undertaken to convey to Claude.

The few words had been traced in *blood* and in a trembling hand:—

"Claude, seek me! I am in *his* power, and the *worst* will happen. There is a secret room within the room near the river at C. H., and he will keep me there. Come, oh, come!"

The haughty woman read the piteous prayer without the slightest softening, and she was about to throw the paper among the burning logs, when, an idea suddenly presenting itself, she paused.

"No; it may be necessary to unravel that mystery," she murmured; and thrusting it into her bosom, she again sat down, and proceeded to ponder deeply.

She had resolved on a daring course of action, one on which she would risk all, and which, if it failed, would ruin her entirely. One last struggle would she venture on with the highwayman, in which, whoever lost, would be eternally ruined. If *she* lost, she resolved on her own course; and, desperate as it was, the bare idea made her dark, splendid eyes flash with satanic pride. Her plan was to give information of the place where the highwayman could be arrested; this she decided to do by means of an ancient servitor, who, for a few crowns, had always been ready for any deed of violence, and this man she would bribe to kill Claude Night in the struggle of the arrest. It was a desperate step, and the risk was immense; but the Duchess felt that her position was such that, now, all depended on mere chance.

Claude's death was absolutely necessary for her safety, and if he escaped she could not. If free, he had her in his power; if in prison, he still had it in his power to divulge all. If she had known any one strong enough to meet, singly, such a powerful man as the highwayman, she would have risked the chance of his being arrested, and she would simply have despatched such an one round to the rendezvous; but the only person in whom she could confide, and who was within her present reach, was this elderly servitor, and she doubted his courage for a single encounter. No; she felt she must once more sacrifice to that great goddess, Chance, who had been the divinity of her life-long worship. Notwithstanding her fierce resolution, however, she could not help feeling a cold superstitious thrill steal over her, as she rose to make preparations for carrying out her bold plans.

Was she deciding on her own doom? A shudder seized her suddenly, and then, as she turned, she fancied she saw a shadowy figure standing beside her, not unlike that form which, in spite of herself, haunted her perpetually. Was it fancy, or did she hear a voice say, in low, ghostly whispers, "Beware—beware!"

She blew the silver whistle shrilly, determined, as usual, to overcome such weakness; and then, as Hubert answered the summons, she ordered him to bring Silas Fletcher into her presence, and not an hour had that slight clue to Claude Night's whereabouts been in the possession of his former mistress before she had made one more attempt to take his life!

CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.

M'LLE MARIE BONFANTI. PREMIER DANSEUSE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

A SINGULAR BULL FIGHT IN SPAIN.

The great attraction of the day was the first appearance of an "intrepid senorita"—"inamo-maniac" we should be disposed to call her—who was to face the bull single handed. This drew crowds of spectators; and when the ring was cleared, the young lady entered, in a kind of "bloomer" costume, with a cap and red spangled tunic, the audience rising to welcome her. She bowed to the president, and was conducted at once into the arena, when lo! a great tub, with one end open, was brought and placed upright, and the "intrepid" lifted into it! It reached to her armpits, and there she stood waving her "banderillas," or darts, when, at a given signal, the bull was let in. It was a young bull, with horns cut short and padded at the ends; and as the animal could only toss or do any mischief by lowering its head to the ground, the risk did not seem great or the performance promising. For some time the bull would not have anything to do with the tub, evidently not considering it fair game; but, after walking two or three times round the arena, he turned round suddenly, and, without the slightest warning, rushed headlong at it. Away went the tub, rolling half across the arena, with our fair senorita, who had evidently rehearsed her part, coiled up inside. This was all very well, and the lady might enjoy a sport usually confined to the hedgehog and other lower animals; but when the bull, who soon began to get angry, at last caught up the barrel on his horns, and rushed bellowing round the ring, it looked serious for the tenant. There was a general rush of "banderillas" and "chulos" to the rescue, but some minutes had elapsed before they could surround the bull and rescue the performer from her perilous position. When extricated she was ignominiously smuggled out of the arena, and we saw the brave senorita no more; the bull was not killed, but "bungled" out of the ring. The next act was "Skittles." Nine negroes ("Bedouins of the desert" we should call them here), dressed grotesquely, stood up like "ninepins," within a few feet of each other, and a frisky "novillado," or young bull, was let in to knock them over. They understood their duty and went down flat at the first charge. The bull struck out right and left, and soon overturned them all. They then sat in rows in chairs, and were overturned over, to the delight of the assembly. This was great again bowled over, to the delight of the assembly. This was great again bowled over, to the delight of the assembly. This was great again bowled

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy	10 cents	Subscription per annum	$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers	6¼ "	" for 6 months	2 50
To Retail Agents	7 "	" for 3 months	1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

LANDRY, Albany, Ga.—"A and B are playing a two handed game of seven up. A is 5 and B is six and deals. He turns up the king. A asks whether B has the ace for high. B answers, 'go on.' A holds the queen and low, and plays out a card which is no trump; B takes it with the Jack of trumps, and claims the game, being seven. Can B go out when being asked by A if he has the ace, and receives an evasive reply, he playing his Jack without A showing his queen and deuce?".....If B did not hold the ace, he loses the game, for A's queen and low count before Jack, whether the latter has been made before the two former or not.

ARTHUR, Rahway.—"1. A, B, C and D are playing a partner game of euchre; A turns up trump; B, C and D pass it; A takes it up and says he plays it alone; D, of the opposite party, says he plays it alone against him. Has D the right to play it alone against A after passing it? 2. Or, if D euchres A, how many does it count? 3. Or if D takes the five tricks, how many does it count?".....1. No. 2. Two points. 3. Two points only.

W. H. R.—1. No such offer was ever made by the owner of Dexter to trot him, along with a running mate, a mile in two minutes. 2. The steeple chase in 1865 was not on the regular course, but outside of it. 3. The stallion is worth a high price, but cannot say precisely how much. 4. Miss Maggie Mitchell has not retired from the stage. 5. L. L. Davenport played an engagement two weeks ago in this city.

RACINE.—Tommy Peel and R. M. Carroll danced for the championship at Wallack's old theatre (now known as the Broadway) in this city on the afternoon of April 16, 1862. Carroll issued the challenge. Peel was declared the victor. It was for $250 a side. Peel danced ten minutes and four seconds, Carroll eleven minutes and sixteen seconds.

S. B. B., Madalin.—1. Common wire of a considerable thickness is used. The length depends entirely upon the place where you perform. You can have it eight feet or twenty feet. Generally it is about three feet from the floor, but your own judgment must determine upon that. 2. We cannot give you such a receipt.

R. R., Milwaukee.—1. They are man and wife. 2. An American. 3. She has just closed a brilliant engagement in San Francisco, Cal., and was at last advices to play through the mountain towns. She will then probably play a second engagement in San Francisco, and afterwards return to the Atlantic States.

T. S., McKeesport.—1. Harry Reed and Charley Westhall ran a mile in 3 minutes 56 seconds in England, but at four different starts, each quarter being done under a minute. 2. No man has ever run a mile in 4 minutes 5 seconds against time, except Lang's down hill performance.

M. A. C., Buffalo.—"A, B, C and D are playing a four-handed game of euchre. A picks it up and plays it alone; B plays alone against A. B gets 3 tricks, A gets 2; B claims 4 times; A bets $100 that B can only claim 2. Who wins?".....A wins the bet, as B is only entitled to two points for the euchre.

H. C., New Haven, Conn.—1. Your best course would be to engage in a regularly established theatre in a minor capacity, and by hard study work your way along. 2. Twelve lines for three months, payable in advance, will cost you $15. 3. Items of that kind would be acceptable.

X., Scranton, Pa.—You had better book your name with one of the dramatic agents in this city, who might succeed in getting you a position. Your salary would be small at first. If you could get with a first class company and are a good performer, you might command from $15 to $25 a week.

J. H. D., New Brunswick.—1. Flora Temple's best time was 2:19¾. 2. Patchen's 2:23. 3. Dexter's 2:18 to saddle. 4. J. Wilkes Booth was a star actor; we cannot tell the highest salary he ever received. 5. You ought to know the population of your own town.

G. G. GOODS, Memphis.—We have no dealings with that class of people, and should recommend you to keep out of their reach if you would keep out of reach of the law. You have mistaken the character of American sporting papers.

A READER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—If you have never traveled in that capacity you will find it a difficult matter to obtain such a position. Stars prefer an experienced man, as it is a very responsible position to hold.

H. H. F., Providence, R. I.—"In playing cribbage, my opponent plays out his hand and I have three tens remaining. How many do they count for me?".....Nine points, viz., two for a pair, six for pair royal and one for last card.

P. T., Hunter's Point.—The four oared boats entered at the Boston 4th of July Regatta for last year did not row the course over twice—the Sam Collyer, of New York, beating the McClellan, of Boston, which were the only boats in the race.

M. B., East Saginaw.—If you are a constant reader you must have seen the receipt for mange in dogs in our columns, as we have repeatedly published it. Take equal parts of sulphur, spirits of turpentine and fish oil, and rub the parts well.

F. A.—1. The lady has retired from the stage and is living in this city. The private residence of actresses we prefer not to give. 2. Charlotte Cushman is at present in Rome. 3. He is so marked.

SUBSCRIBER, Hyde Park.—What do you mean by asking the price of a shooting gallery in the old English style. Do you wish to buy a gallery out? Explain.

S. M. D., Baltimore.—You ought to be able to get the "Parlor Base Ball Board" at any of your base ball depots. Write to Seebring, 26 John street, about the matter.

CLIP, Indianapolis.—We know of no such establishment. If you need anything in that line you had better make your selection from the stock of one of your own stores.

MEADVILLE.—The New Bowery Theatre could pack away more people than any other theatre in the country, but the New Stadt Theatre can seat more.

R. W. P.—When John C. Heenan fought Tom Sayers he was only 44 inches round the chest, but a week before he fought Tom King he measured 46½.

NO SMOKE.—1. Flatbush Maid and Lady Palmer trotted two miles to a road wagon in 5:01½. Peerless trotted two miles to wagon in 4:59. 2. Morrissey and Heenan fought Oct. 20, 1858.

RAFFLING PARTY.—In throwing dice, single throw, three aces only count three, and is the lowest number that can be thrown. Three sixes is the highest.

J. D. M., Balto.—With some players the dealer has that privilege, but the rules do not meet it squarely; they say that the point should be settled before commencing play.

B. B., Louisville, Ky.—Address a letter to Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, stating in detail what kind of a dog you wish and we guess he can accommodate you.

SKIDNEY, Spuyten Duyvil.—On the 3d of June, 1865, Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, challenged Joe Coburn for $2,000, but the latter declined to fight for less than $5,000.

CRIBBAGE, Augusta, Ga.—1. An ace at cribbage only counts with the deuce and tray in a sequence. 2. Ace, king and queen do not compose a sequence.

AMATEUR, Chicago.—We have no books of the kind; some of our book advertisers may be able to procure them for you.

F. H. S., Alexandria.—We have no means of getting at the statistics which would give us the information.

G. C., Boston, Mass.—We have already published all we know concerning the deceased.

WM. TECUMSEH.—We are afraid we cannot assist you—an advertisement through our columns might get you one.

D. W., Boston.—Her maiden name was Smith, and her father was an old captain and an old captain was he.

O. S. H.—We do not recollect the circumstances concerning "the execution of Giles and Wansley."

J. H., 7th Avenue.—Flora Temple made her fastest time on the Kalamazoo race track, Michigan.

AMICUS.—Address Messrs. Willmer & Rogers, No. 42 Nassau street, this city.

W. L. S., Chicago.—As each in turn were beaten, it follows that each one should pay his share of the costs.

FIREMEN.—By dropping a line to the proprietors of the circus we have no doubt they will give the desired information.

G. C. M., Philadelphia.—Yes, several; any newsdealer in your city will supply you.

J. L. W., South Boston.—We think they have appeared there, but cannot give you the time.

R. J. VAIL, Paterson, N. J.—You win. The Fleetwing's tonnage is 212, the Henrietta 205, and the Vesta 201 tons.

BLAIR.—Jem Mace stands all of 5 feet 9 inches in height and, if anything, a shade over.

H. A. B. W.—Fifteen dollars for the number of weeks specified. Thanks for items.

JACK OF HEARTS, Andover.—Two points can only be scored for the euchre.

W. H. R., Dayton.—D deals again, as it would be manifestly unjust for B to lose his beg.

G. R. M., New Haven.—B, who only wanted two, goes out first, as high and low count before Jack.

FRANK, Minersville.—Three of a kind beat a straight at poker. A straight beats two pair.

F. R. C., Bordentown.—There are several works on skating; any of our book advertisers can send you a copy.

JOY, Knowlsville.—Write to Mr. Roberts, 96 Ninth Avenue, this city.

SHIVERY.—What time did he begin the ascent? Much depends on that.

G. L. D., Newport.—Kate is at the Olympic Theatre in this city.

A JUGGLER, Providence, R. I.—For one insertion, 50 cents.

BEN AND PETE.—Josh is of the "colored persuasion."

SPORT, Oswego.—1. Flora Temple and Dexter were never matched. 2. Her best time was 2:19¾. 3. He was elected on the Democratic ticket. 4. No.

HORSEY, Philadelphia.—We don't know the game by that name; it may probably be an "adaptation" from "All Fours," in which case the player who held high and low, wins.

HANDICAP, S. Berwick.—Flora Temple was foaled in 1845. She is now owned by Mr. Welch, of Philadelphia.

PROMPT SIDE.—A well prepared almanac will decide that matter for you.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot give you the seating capacity of Cooper Institute.

JIM TURNER.—We have several letters for you.

ED. TROY.—A letter for you.

J. Q., Johnstown, Pa.—S. French, No. 122 Nassau street, this city.

ETIENNE, Evansville.—The same to you.

O. W. B., Eagle Valley.—Gen. Butler is a gelding.

W. J. W.—Three sixes beat three aces in a raffle.

J. H. H.—Flora Temple's best time was made at Kalamazoo.

M. M. R.—We know no more about it than you.

A LOOKER ON, South Bend.—Will be acceptable.

G. S. S., Bloomington, Ill.—Is not married, we believe.

SUBSCRIBER.—H cannot claim after the cards have been played.

THE NEW YEAR.

The poets, including Mr. A. Tennyson and Hank Longfellow, blundered when they compared the departing year to an old man. The year is best typified by a bird, and by what bird so well as by the goose? She is hatched from the egg of Events by the old hen that men call Time. During the first months of her life she is led wildly about, feeding on the snow flakes and cackling in an unseemly and goose-like manner. Then in the spring time she puts forth her feathers, spreads her untried wings, ruffles the river with her web feet, and shakes the water from her ample body over the fields, which smile and turn green forthwith. In summer she grows fat, and, like other geese, becomes lazy. In autumn she sheds her feathers, and, imitating all the old geese of our acquaintance, quarrels with her best friend—Nature—and brings upon herself "heavy rains at this time," as is duly chronicled in the almanac. Then in December her head is chopped off by the sharp blasts, and she is flung into the oven of the Past to simmer and roast till she is fit to be served on the table of that insatiate glutton, Memory.

And as the old year thus lies awaiting the final "fixins," let us see what the cooked goose hath brought us.

SIXTY-SIX has been a good year withal. Its ways have been ways of pleasantness, and peace and prosperity have blessed the land. The national debt has been reduced seven or eight cents; Congress has displayed too much *jaw* to be called a "Rump;" President Johnson still runs his policy shop with indifferent success; the value of the Atlantic cable to science and the shareholders is fully demonstrated; money, though scare in the pockets of the poor, has been "easy on call" (whatever that may mean). Maximilian, the one time, has concluded to seek the home of his "parients;" Louis Nap. has fought his fifty-second round with death, and, although severely punished, comes up faintly smiling. England is looking on the *Bright* side of things; the Czar of the various Russias has escaped death, and lived to witness the marriage of his eldest son; the Finnegans in Canada have not had their necks dislocated, while the *blow* that Mr. Jas. C. O. I. R. Stephens promised to strike on the quid sod threatens to end in wind.

Thus wags the political world. And what of the world of amusements? Have not the doings therein been chronicled in the columns of the CLIPPER? Yea, verily, and so to-day, we can but refer you to our files. Perusing them, you will see what merry times the people have had, and how skilfully the managers have catered to the public taste. And yet, standing on the threshold of the New-Year and looking back, we find our quiet satisfaction not unmixed with sorrow. Only last week we published the names of those in the dramatic profession, who, during the year '66, have gone into the Silent Land. It is a long list. Death has been more than usually busy. Many who gave promise of bright distinction have passed away. Faces that were pleasant to see—faces that beamed often with the sunshine of happiness, are missed from amongst us. And so in the gloaming of the New Year's eve, we think of them for whom life's drama is finished—the bell sounded—the curtain fallen. Peace to their ashes.

The New Year! Our memory goes back to many such beginnings: to many New Year's days, on which our best and brightest resolutions have been formed. Alas! it is the failing of humanity. The world sins, and the world declares it will reform. Resolutions as solid as a rock are gravely passed *sotto voce*, and—Why the world breaks them, that's all.

There is something peculiarly conducive to good-resolution-making in the opening of a New Year. The Old Year dies hard, perhaps. It calls the elements to its aid, and for weary days it struggles fearfully against the incoming season; hail, rain, winds and snow, bear reference to the violence of the contest in which the Old Year is vanquished. Then, as the New Year comes in, and the storm abates in violence, we agree that we must accord with the new order of things; that faults which we have had in the past, shall be known to us no more in the future; that our failings shall be numbered with the Old Year, and our virtues born with the New.

Believe us, friends, our heart is yearning towards you and your ten cent stamps this New Year's Day. The CLIPPER addresses no stinted audience. Over the whole world its subscribers' form a great Brotherhood of Art. North, East, South and West; in every land and clime; wherever men strive to present a living embodiment of poetry; wherever genius penetrates and talent lives—there will you find the CLIPPER. It is at once our boast and our regret that ours is so varied a circulation. Our boast, because wherever numbers are, is influence and kindly feeling. Our regret, because it is only once in such long, long time, that we can personally meet our good friends and subscribers. Some are across the sea; some are sick; many yet lately died, even on the brink of the New Year! But still we know our sheet is welcome, and we feel that though we cannot clasp you by the hand, good friends, you will reciprocate the sentiment which comes from our heart—

A THRICE HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL—"BALL UP!"

The anxiously looked for announcement of "ball up" has been made, and the lads and lassies of Gotham and vicinity have had the gratification of cavorting and courting, too, no doubt, on the several skating ponds in the Central Park and at other places. In fact, the skating carnival has begun, but how long it will continue is not easily prophecied, for old Jack Frost is such a fickle fellow that, though he may industriously prosecute his glazing propensities for two or three days or a week, he is just as likely as not to turn round and undo his handiwork in a few brief hours. As we write, however, the weather is fine, the air bracing and the ice as hard as adamant—a state of things that the lovers of skating have reason to be grateful for. The favorable state of affairs for the past two or three days has furnished fun on the ice for very many, especially on the 29th and 30th, when almost all the ponds in this vicinity were well patronized. The Central Park ponds were, of course, the most numerously attended, and some skilled skaters were to be seen among the many; but McMillan's Fifth Avenue Skating Park is the spot where the fashionables most do congregate for their winter pastime, and on the afternoon and evening of the 29th ult., a grand carnival was held there, when those in attendance whirled about and turned about and did just so to the dulcet strains of Dodworth's band, and mirth and jollity prevailed. Some skilful skating was done by Mrs. Miller, Miss Creighton, Miss Hulon and two little girls named Plympton, six and four years of age respectively; while the male experts were Messrs. C. Jenkins, Jas. McCabe, Geo. W. Hoger and Alexander McMillan. In Brooklyn, the slippery surface was also well patronized by pigeon-wingers, unwilling somersaulters and others. The Capitoline Pond was the grand headquarters; the number in attendance during the day being estimated at as many as 5,000. Good reports reach us also from Williamsburgh, Hoboken, Jersey City, Harlem, Tremont and the suburbs generally, the ice being pronounced good and safe on almost all the ponds. So soon as the ice may seem to be a comparatively permanent institution, we shall, no doubt, hear of masquerades and other jollifications being gotten up by the various managers and committees, and thus clothe and close with *eclat* the grand skating carnival of 1866-7, which now seems to have begun so auspiciously.

THE GREAT OCEAN RACE.—In another column will be found an account of the ocean race between the yachts Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta. The newspaper man—the owner of the Henrietta—heralded his own success, through the aid of the Atlantic cable, and the news, which was disseminated on Saturday night last, was received with great enthusiasm, the great drawback to a more general rejoicing being the intelligence that several of the Fleetwing's crew were washed overboard and drowned. The time in which the run was made by the Henrietta is as extraordinary as the race itself, the sailing craft reaching Cowes in less than fourteen days. Mr. Bennett, it is stated, has offered to accept a challenge for a race with any yacht in the British fleet. Now that this first ocean contest has resulted so successfully, we presume that we shall have similar trials of speed quite frequently, and it is possible that an international match may eventuate. All honor to New York and her spirited yachtmen.

THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE

BETWEEN THE

Henrietta, Fleetwing and Vesta, of the N. Y. Y. C.

THE HENRIETTA THE WINNER.

THE PASSAGE MADE IN LESS THAN FOURTEEN DAYS.

After remaining unaccountably silent for some days, the "connecting link" between the Old World and the New electrified our citizens on the night of the 29th ult. by flashing through the country the gratifying intelligence that the Henrietta, Vesta and Fleetwing, competitors in the unprecedented ocean race from Sandy Hook to Cowes, Eng., for a sweepstakes of $90,000, had arrived in safety at their destination, the first-named in the van, having accomplished the distance in thirteen days and twenty-two hours, mean time. The announcement was joyfully received everywhere, and the "extras" containing particulars of the contest, which were issued at a late hour, were bought up like hot cakes and devoured with unwonted eagerness by knots of enthusiastic sporters, as well as those of a more sober sort, congregated in the different saloons, theatres and other places of resort in the city, to whom the intelligence of the successful termination of this latest venture of our plucky yachtsmen gave the most profound satisfaction, and many a bumper was tossed off in honor of the event. The particulars received by the wire are so meagre that we must needs defer an extended account of the passage until full details reach us, which will probably be in season for our next issue. The vessel commanded by J. G. Bennett, Jr., arrived at Cowes, Isle of Wight, at 5:45 P. M. on Christmas Day, and met with a most enthusiastic welcome at the hands of their brother yachtsmen of Albion. The Fleetwing followed at 2 o'clock A. M. on the 26th and the Vesta an hour and a half later. Each of the vessels were in good condition, having met with no mishap during the voyage. During the first week out heavy gales were experienced, compelling the yachts to heave-to for some hours, but during the remainder of the passage favorable weather was had. The vessels all behaved splendidly, fully bearing out the statements of their partisans as to their sea-going qualities. During the eighth day out six men were swept overboard from the bowsprit of the Fleetwing while engaged in furling the jib. This unfortunate accident is the only one which tinges with sorrow the joy occasioned by the anxiously looked for intelligence of the successful issue of the race, and mars the gratification afforded by this unequalled achievement. The Royal Yacht Club have been profuse in their offers of hospitality, and on the 27th ult., they gave a grand banquet to the officers of the American squadron. On the following day the members of both clubs visited Queen Vic, by special invitation, at the Osborn House, opposite which the vessels were riding at anchor, at last advices, and on the 29th the New Yorkers were entertained by the municipal authorities of Cowes. In Paris, too, considerable excitement was created, especially among the American residents there, whose intention it is to feast the venturesome mariners in true Parisian style when they cross the channel to put in an appearance at the big show of '67. The owner of the winning craft is said to have intimated his readiness to accept a challenge from any craft which ploughs the waters of the Old World, for a similar contest. We hope some of our transatlantic waterman will have the courage to close with the offer. This race marks a new epoch in yachting, and its gratifying *denouement* will doubtless tend to inspire more of our fresh-water sailors with a desire to emulate the example of those who dared the dangers of the vasty deep in the vessels which have just cast anchor on the shores of "Merrie England."

FOREIGN NEWS.—Turkey is in a broil with Greece. Our sympathies, at the present time, are with turkey.....Russia is in a Hungary mood, and ready to swallow up the Sclavonic Provinces. Austria is not asked to the meal prepared by Russia and Prussia, probably owing to the disturbed state of her digestive functions.....England is in an Irish stew over the Fenian and Reform movements. Stephens, a head centre of the stew, is much in demand.

THE AMERICAN POULTRY SHOW in the Quaker City is progressing finely. A correspondent informs us that the collection of birds is quite large. Among them is the great Pennsylvania turkey, weighing fifty-two pounds, and only sixteen months old. It is the intention of the managers to keep the show open a few weeks beyond the time set, in order to allow the citizens an opportunity to gaze upon the feathered tribe.

A FAST SHOOTER.—We are informed by our foreign papers that the last new gun invented in Paris sends out 8,555 balls a minute! We can very well understand how they get so many balls *out* of the gun, but we would like to know how they get them *in* such a minute contraption.

A PROMENADE CONCERT will be given by the Brooklyn Yacht Club on the 8th of January, at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. The affair promises to be a very pleasant entertainment. We acknowledge the reception of an invitation to be present, for which we tender our thanks.

HE LIKES A DROP OF GOOD BEER.—Accounts from Europe inform us that the King of Bavaria is seriously ill from drinking too much Bavarian beer. It is feared that his ailments will eventually bring him to his table bier.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY.—We hear by foreign papers that Alexandre Dumas, the wheat-and-Indian novelist, recently gave a supper to Ira Aldridge, the black tragedian, at Versailles. We are left in the dark as to where Ira got his breakfast next day.

AN EVEN THING.—The Hon. George H. Pendleton denies the absurd rumor that he is in favor of universal suffrage. The universal suffragers deny the equally absurd report that they are in favor of Pendleton.

BOYS IN BLUE.—The first annual ball of the National Association, 19th Ward Boys in Blue, of Philadelphia, will take place at American Mechanics' Hall on January 2d. In controlling the affair, the managers should admit no boys in, blue.

TURN OUT.—Judah P. Benjamin has a dashing turn out in Paris. And yet we believe he had a still more dashing turn out down South at the close of the rebellion.

CAN IT BE TRUE?—It is said that Montana is afraid of a famine this winter. We trust that no such ill luck is in store for Montana; but should famine come, the country will help maintain her.

A NICE POINT.—Considering that the pen is mightier than the sword, isn't it somewhat strange that there should be so many more pen-shunners than pensioners?

DANCING BELLES.—We are told that a dancing belle in one season traverses five hundred miles of floor. "Our Jim" says that she eats in a correspondingly lively manner.

A NEW ACTOR.—During the absence of Mr. McCulloch from Washington, we are told that Assistant Secretary Chandler acted for him. He essayed the principal part in "Money."

GYMNASTIC RECEPTION AT WOOD'S GYMNASIUM.—The members of Mr. John Wood's Gymnasium, in East Twenty-eighth street, gave their first grand reception of the season on Thursday evening, 27th ult., to a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme consisted of the usual exercises, interspersed with excellent music. The following were among the principal feats performed:—Aerial leaps, by the members, Mr. Van Tine making the highest and best leap; slack rope, by Ed. Montague; double trapeze, Messrs. Bale and Sharp; rack bars, by J. G. Sands; heavy dumb bells—Thos. S. Hamblin executed a variety of movements with two 65 pounders, followed by Capt. Wm. E. Van Wyck, who pushed up the 101lb bell twelve consecutive times. Next in order came class exercises with the Indian clubs, by Messrs. Ward, Jenks, Tams, Riley and Scott; this was quite a feature of the entertainment, all of the most difficult movements being executed with ease and grace, showing the result of careful practice together. Single bar, Messrs. Conner, Sharp, O'Neil, brothers Van Tine, Elwell and Frank Lord. The magic ladders, or "lagic madders," as the boys call them, were very prettily done by Le Comte, Sands, Van Tine, Myers, French and Waters, with Jack Bale in the centre. In posturing, Messrs. Waters, French, Myers and Montague came out dressed alike, and performed a number of very fine tricks together. At peg pole, one of the most difficult exercises in a gymnasium, and yet less appreciated by an audience than any other, Van Wyck and Alexandre did it to the satisfaction of all present; the latter also pulled himself up on the single ring several times with one arm. The single trapeze, by H. P. O'Neil, was perhaps the best performance of the kind ever witnessed in that place. La Perche, by Messrs. Bale and Montague, and the somersaulting, &c., by the members, was very fine, especially that of W. B. French, who turned several back and forward somersaults on a pocket handkerchief folded up just large enough to stand on. This concluded the gymnastic exercises, when the floor was cleared for dancing, and the light *gymnastic* toe was tripped by the members and their lady friends until the small hours in the morning.

THE UNITED SOCIAL'S BALL.—One of the most enjoyable *soirees dansante* which we have ever attended was that held by the United Social Club, at the New York Assembly Rooms, on Christmas night. The capacious ball room was well filled with a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gents, and everything was conducted in a *recherche* manner, as is ever the case when the frank spoken and jovial Denny Leary and his aids have the management of affairs. May they have many more like unto it.

DOMINO!—Mr. Pierce, of Salina, N. Y., is desirous of playing any man in the State a match at dominoes, block game, 500 points, for from $100 to $500. Who will accept the defi?

THE RING.

GLOVE FIGHT AT SAVIN ROCK

BETWEEN RACE BOLSTER, OF WASHINGTON, AND LARRY HEALY, OF PROVIDENCE.

An affair with the gloves, which has excited considerable interest in New Haven for some time, came off on the afternoon of Dec. 28, at Savin Rock, near the City of Elms. It grew out of a public exhibition for the benefit of one of the participants, in which the parties to the affair were pitted together, and acquitted themselves so well that many were desirous of seeing them under more favorable circumstances. The ancient "blue laws" have not been wholly abolished in the "Land of Steady Habits," and it was deemed prudent to cover the "mauleo" with buckskin to blind the eyes of the law. At the appointed hour about a hundred admirers of the "manly art" assembled at the Savin Rock House, to witness the "turkey shoot," which was set down for "two o'clock precisely." Of course the correspondent of the CLIPPER was on hand, and was speedily ushered into a spacious apartment where a ring, not quite of the conventional dimensions, but fair to look upon, had been erected. The parties who were to be the "observed of all observers," were Race Bolster and Larry Healy. Bolster has twice appeared in the P. R., the last time with Sam Collyer, on the banks of the Potomac, on which occasion he took a deal of punishment but came out second best, whether in consequence of a bunch of broken knuckles or because the other was the better man, it matters not for this narrative. Larry formerly honored Providence with his distinguished presence, but has made New Haven his home for several years, but though often the hero of an involuntary rough and tumble, and several times cheered on the stage, he has never before performed within the ropes. The preliminary matters were settled by the choice of the following assistants:—Umpires—Jerry Donovan and Andrew Carpenter. Referee—S. L. Usher; Timekeeper—Dave C. Hill. Bolster was handled by Billy Warblett, while Larry had the services of Jack Guy. The etiquette of the P. R. was preserved throughout. After the usual ceremony of shaking hands the men were stripped and came to the scratch for

Round 1. Bolster appeared in the best condition of the two, having no superfluous flesh, exhibiting well developed muscle, and, barring an appearance of humor, a good condition of body. Healy was pale-faced, and too fat for a long ructer, though the heaviest and a trifle the biggest of the two. Race's experience and superior condition made him the favorite with the "knowing ones," though Larry had many warm friends on the ground. The toss for corners was in favor of Bolster, giving him the best light and freest circulation of air. The boys came up stripped to the waist, Larry wearing for his colors a white silk handkerchief, with a blue border, and Race a blue kerchief, with the national coat of arms in the centre, and a red border. Both were a trifle nervous at the start, but this wore off after a few "eye-openers." Race commenced the work briskly; he got in well on the cheek, and received some prompt returns of the compliment, whereupon he laid hold of the Irish boy and was thrown by him.

2. There was lively work this time, the advantage being with Larry, Race appearing a little shy after his previous experience. A clinch resulted in Bolster being brought to his knees.

3. On coming up, Race showed the effect of a pull at the bottle, and at once commenced forcing the fighting. He meant well for his man, but the returns were numerous and handsome, and the Washingtonian again tried the clinch and went to grass (or rather deal plank.)

4. Race followed up his instructions and struck out promptly, hoping to tire out the 'fat boy,' but was very neatly stopped, and after receiving some well delivered drives, went to the hug, and got a clean throw from Larry.

5. Not discouraged by the ill success of his previous efforts, Race again went to work briskly, and tried to get in, but found the stop sure and ready. A series of rapid passes was made, and both appeared weary of the work, when Bolster tried to lock in, but found Larry's pins too firm; after some weak hitting, Larry went down, and both were carried to their corners.

6. It was now evident that Larry must be knocked out before he got his "second wind," or it would be all day with Bolster, and Race put in a right hander, not exactly with the buff, which brought blood from the lips of Larry; both showed that the pace was telling on them, and after some weak and random hitting, Larry was thrown heavily.

7. When time was called, Race came forward apparently animated by "Dutch courage," and walking right up to his opponent, tried to get in, but was adroitly stopped, and received some unwelcome reminders that Larry, fat as he was, was not quite played out yet, the result of which was that he tripped against one of the posts and fell prone upon the planks.

8. There was good sharp work this time—give and take—Bolster getting the worst of it, but not showing a scratch, or any inclination to skulk. Watching his opportunity, Race locked in his heel and threw Larry, rolling over him from sheer exhaustion.

9. This was a short round, some good hitting being made on both sides, ending by Bolster again trying the lock trick, and being again thrown.

10. The punches were about even this time, and Bolster "followed his lead" by trying the wrestle, but Larry's pins were still good, and Race went down heavily.

11. Bolster came up smiling wickedly, and attempted to get in, but was well met, and after pretty lively hitting, a prolonged wrestle followed, resulting in Larry going under.

12. This was a short pull. After a few blows well put in on either part, Larry tried his skill on the wrestle, and gave Race a heavy tumble.

13 and last. Race came forward after the second call of "time," showing unmistakable signs of weariness; still he managed to get in a clever shot, but before he could recover himself, was caught and thrown upon the floor with a force which made the building shake. He was picked up by his attendants, but a moment after reaching their corner they concluded that they had seen their Blucher, and tossed the sponge into the arena.

The contest lasted about forty minutes, and both men showed good pluck. There was no dodging and not a foul blow struck, or even one which anybody questioned. Bolster has proved his courage, and Larry Healy, with proper training, will make a big man among the light weights.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

COLLYER AND MCGLADE ALL BUT READY FOR THE MILL.

From the systematic regularity in all the business necessary to be transacted—from the inception of a match pugilistic to the finale thereof—in the absorbing fight to come, between the celebrities above mentioned, the brightest kind of hopes are foreshadowed for a like continuation of the same until the end of the chapter. The fact of the instalments being put up at this office, instead of (as is often the case in big matches) at different sporting houses, hasn't the same tendency to spread the news or make the tourney so much talked of in sporting circles; but it is, nevertheless, the main topic of converse in the few sporting saloons in this city and Brooklyn. In the latter city, where Collyer is much better known than on this side of the East River, and where he has relatives residing, it is more frequently alluded to than here. McGlade's circle being confined mainly to the Old Fourth, and among those who work or do business alongshore, with this class everything appertaining to his movements is eagerly gobbled up, and ever "hot Scotch" and other palatable bibibles, served up at the National, his praises are sung and drank, which is all good for Sam, and he knows it.

Pursuant to a call in the CLIPPER of last week, both men had representatives present on Saturday, the 29th ult., Collyer in the person of John English, a sporting pub from the City of Monuments (not the boxer of that name or alias), who came on bright and early, McGlade having "that Sam" to look after his interests. At noon the parties met, English putting up the "century" due from Collyer, and Davis lessening his pile to the same amount for Mac, after which the two chosen ones in concave settled upon that point relating to the trysting spot so far as to adjourn to meet again on the 3d inst., in the Quaker City, there to choose the third party, who is to be authorized to pick the ground, of which both parties will be apprised at the earliest moment. The gentleman thus selected is known well to all sporting men in the three cities principally interested, and has successfully piloted several important "excursions" before. The old fire vamp knows well the landmarks, and is one of those few men whom both sides can trust implicitly to do the right thing—his name, for reasons obvious, we withhold.

This having been satisfactorily arranged, the "two hundred dollars more" and the "protocol" were transferred to George, making $1200 now in that gentleman's possession of the $2000 the men are to contend for. Report speaks well from their respective training grounds, Sam being as fit as a fiddle and ready to fight to-morrow. The latter has still the services of the renowned Aaron, and, if we must let it out, he is to be attended during the week previous to the fight by the experienced Fourth Warder, Johnny Roche, whose advice and "teachings" ought to prove beneficial—Sam will also retain the trainer of the Benicia Boy, so that nothing will be left undone towards bringing him to the scratch in the best possible condition. Dan Kerrigan is still looking after McGlade, who does lots of hard work and is very attentive to his mentor's commands. We haven't learned whether Collyer will show in Philadelphia or when McGlade's city benefit comes off, but if either boxer has one we shall be able to announce the fact by next week.

As usual on Saturday, the 5th, there is to be another $100 a side posted, and on the Saturday following, the 12th, all the money, $300 from each, has to be in the stakeholder's hands.

JOHNNY GRADY'S 36TH STREET BENEFIT.

A full house assembled at Dramatic Hall on Friday evening, the majority of whom were friendly disposed towards the conqueror of McMullen and went there to show it. The audience was not the most stylish in the city, nor were they all "of age," but they all paid their half dollar, and that made it just as well. The Alderman, looking quite rejuvenated by his absence from this wicked city so long, was there, as also the R. E. of the Adams Express Nine, Jeems Coburn, Caspar (the Sporting Barber), and enough of the bigger lights to give the gathering an appearance, so that after all it was equally as good as many of the bens we've attended at Christopher Keyburn's. The sparrers, however, were particularly noticeable by their absence, and if Grady travels far and wide, as he has always done to oblige them, he will be very foolish, that's all.

There were some very good displays, but had two or three of them not sparred twice it would have been a sorry show. The "Kids" turned out strong and were in their glory when allowed to show in public, but, with the exception of a brother to Grady and a like relative to Drumgoole, who showed great improvement from their last set-to, particularly Grady, they did not warrant their names being transmitted to history.

Of the grown up portion, we should like to say more did space admit, for they all gave satisfaction. Young Edwards might have appeared to better advantage with some other than Jem Frawley, because he hadn't one who would bustle him around—one of the lively boys—but he made some telling points, nevertheless, at the expense of the broad shouldered mechanic, and dodged about *a la* Barney Aaron. Teddy McAuliffe and Micky Coburn were a good match as to size, but Mickey showed off to less advantage than we have seen him in a long time, while Teddy surprised his most enthusiastic supporters by the manner in which he kept Coburn at bay. McMullen and Bennett, at long range, had it about even. The box between Pete Donohue and Teddy McAuliffe was a very lively one, both being as lively as a couple of ferrets, and not afraid of each other's hitting. Bennett and Mickey Coburn had it vicious, and each one got some ugly illustrations of "Beans on the Nose," which riled them considerably, but pleased Riley immensely.

There was also dancing, singing and banjo playing, Mickey Warren and the Head Centre from Billy McManus' being received with lots of applause, whereas the banjo-player, who went outside to scare up somebody who could play for him to dance, didn't get a hand. Pity about him! The wind-up, which all got on tip toe to see, on account of the talk of a match between Johnny Grady and Billy Kelly, was the set-to of the evening. To those who would like to know how they made it, we would say that Kelly was completely overmatched in science, quickness and hard hitting, and that Grady never appeared to better advantage. He was as serious as Squeaky Jim, and when Johnny is that way, there's mischief in him, sure. Kelly took it good natured enough and tried hard to pay off in like coin, but very seldom made his expenses by going there. This will, no doubt, stop all fight talk between them by outsiders, as, although the audience's sympathies were with Kelly, who is a quiet young fellow, he had very little show. Uncle Tovee was M. C., and no more need be said on that head.

SPORT IN OMAHA.—Our correspondent, "Mike McD.," who for the past two years has been exploring the Territories and furnished many interesting letters to the CLIPPER, has turned up in Omaha, Nebraska, from whence, under date of Dec. 17, he thus writes:—"FRIEND QUEEN:—I will now write to you from one more of the Territories of Uncle Samuel. I left Montana three weeks after writing from Virginia City, and sailed down the Big Muddy in a Mackinaw boat, a distance of twenty-two hundred miles, to this city. We had plenty of sport on the trip, any amount of game, buffalo, antelope, bear and deer in abundance. After I arrived I went to tending bar at the Senate Saloon for a man named Campbell (whom you may know, as he is the author of the Scroggins letter), a Scotchman, a gay old sport. The fancy had quite a treat in the shape of a sparring exhibition given by Billy Gardner and Ed. Fitzgerald at Turner's Hall, Dec. 12. The ball was very well filled, and the sparring was passable. The following dancers, sparrers, &c., were on hand, according to promise:—Mart. Murnau and friend, Tim Stapleton and Sailor Jack following; a clog medley by Billy Billy, Billy Gardner and Patsey Brennan; Mike McDermott then swung the Indian clubs; then two youngsters, brothers, named Norton, followed by Gardner and McDermott, Fitzgerald and Lilly, Mike Daley and Pat Burns, and Billy Gardner and Neil Campbell for the wind-up, which was very good. Everything went off satisfactorily. After the wind-

AQUATICS.

Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 36 South street. 50 Boats on hand. 33-6t STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st.), two doors from the New Herald Building. 34-3m THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

JIMMY HAMILL HEARD FROM.

HE WILL RACE WALTER BROWN A THREE AND A FIVE MILE RACE

The little Champion has spoken, and answers the Brown challenge in true cavalier style. He thus writes concerning Walter Brown's offer to row him a three mile race for $1,000 a side in Pittsburgh or Portland, and in such a fair and honorable tone that the match may be considered as good as made. Here is the document which tells all about it:

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 28, 1866.

FRIEND QUEEN.—In Walter Brown's challenge to me in this week's CLIPPER, he thinks it strange that I did not answer his last card. If he will look over that card, he will find that it was not necessary for me to answer it, as he admitted that it was too late in the season for a sculling race, and that there was no use in putting up a large deposit for it to lay idle until spring. If that was not his meaning, then I was mistaken. As regards his challenge for a three mile race, he forgets that, for the championship, five miles is the usual distance; but, as I think he means business and I like his style of doing it, I will row him a three mile race and a five mile race, to be rowed on days following each other—the three mile race for five hundred dollars a side, the five mile race for one thousand dollars a side; the races to come off at Pittsburgh, and I will allow him three hundred dollars for expenses. I think friend Brown ought to accept this, as he has never had to travel far for a race, and I have had to do a great deal in that way. I also think that friend Brown and I will have no trouble in making a race. Should he accept, I will guarantee to him a fair race, a smooth course, and kind treatment for himself and friends while in Pittsburgh, as our citizens have the reputation of knowing how to do things up "Brown" when visited by strangers. Should the races be made, I hope the best man may win.

Yours, respectfully, JAMES HAMILL.

P. S.—The races to come off in May.

A few days previous to receiving the above letter, Charley Moore, of 263 Broadway, called at our office, and stated that he would make a match for Hamill to row Brown a three or five mile race, either on the Delaware, Schuylkill or Hudson River, for any amount from $1,000 upwards, each man to defray his own expenses.

REGATTA IN CALIFORNIA.—The members of the San Francisco Rowing Club celebrated our last national Thanksgiving in a befitting manner by holding an aquatic jubilee on the blue waters of the bay, opposite the Golden City. It is said to have been a very interesting affair, three races being pulled off in fine style in sight of a strong muster of the manhood and beauty of Frisco. First on the programme was a single scull race for $50 in yellow dust, three miles. For this there were three started, viz.: Columbian, pulled by E. Nelson; Coquette, J. Powers; Fort Hill Boy, H. Hussey. The former won easily. Next came another of the same sort, but between amateurs, Young Landers rowing the Coquette, Thos. Dickson the Tickler, and J. J. Dixon the Columbian, the stake at issue being twenty-five chucks. The for final event and the principal one of the day was a match Neptune $125 between the crews of the four-oared outriggers, Patrick, D. Ry- and Young America, J. Holland (bow), Jas. the former, while han, and John Dowling (stroke), prop (bow), Jno. Sloan, Matt the Y. A. was occupied by Phil. Ho The Neptune won cleverly by twenty seconds.

BOAT RACE IN JAPAN—ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN CUTTERS.—A sort of *ex parte* statement to hand to a boat race which took place in November 19th, has been published, purporting to have bee Japanese waters, written on board the British war ship Princess give place to the same:—"I told you four Royal. We about a boat race between us an i the crew of the months' flagship Hartford, in which we beat. Last night the Amer race came off, amidst the greatest excitement, in which people on shore joined. There was heavy betting on both sides. Both boats' crews were in beautiful condition, as they had been training for a long time, and the Americans evidently thought they were going to beat us. At 4 P. M. yesterday both ships' rigging and decks were crowded with people from the shore. At 4:15 the boats started; they were twelve-oared cutters. The Yankees got a little ahead at first; there was a heavy sea on. In two or three minutes our boat shot ahead and came in ten boat lengths before the other, after a four-mile race. The race was for one hundred dollars. It has been all the talk here for a month past."

GREEN AND HICKEY.—The match between these noted scullers, for the Championship of Australian Waters, eventuated on October 13th, Green proving the victor; but, according to the Sydney correspondent of *Bell's Life in Victoria*, it was an unsatisfactory affair, and the 2½ to 1 laid on Green were no criterion of the genuine merits of the men. The proof of the pudding is, however, in the eating, and as the "moral" came off, the layers at any rate have no cause to complain. Some talk took place about another race, but it was not expected that anything would be settled at present.

HARRY KELLEY IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—It appears that the victorious opponent of Jimmy Hamill is likely to row again, outside of "foreigners," as several man on the other side are after him sharp, and as he couldn't very well get out of it with Chambers, Percy and Taylor, all anxious to measure sculls, he has issued a card offering to row Percy Taylor, or any other man in the world to row for £200 or upwards, on the Thames, Tyne, or any neutral river, give or take expenses to row on the Thames or in the North, in May or June. That this will meet with a response we have not the slightest doubt, so that with, perhaps, Kelly and Chambers matched to row in England, and Hamill and Brown in America, we shall have lively times in boating circles next spring.

SCENE IN A MENAGERIE.—While Wombwell's menagerie was exhibiting at Leeds, Eng., lately, a strange and dangerous accident happened. It seems that the Messrs. Cross, naturalists, of Liverpool, undertook to forward a huge, black-maned, Sahara lion to Scarborough. On its arrival there, the animal was at once taken to the menagerie. All went well until it was attempted to shift this untamed king of the forest from the cage in which he had been forwarded into the den built to hold him at the exhibition. After many unsuccessful attempts had been made to move him out of one cage into the other, it was at last determined to telegraph their difficulty, and request the assistance of Mr. William Cross, who at once, on the receipt of the telegram, took train for Scarborough. Upon his arrival there another trial was made, and after a severe struggle, that lasted some hours, the noble brute was at length successfully and safely penned. But strange to say, whilst Mr. Cross was receiving the congratulations of the people about him, he inadvertently laid hold of one of the bars of the den. In a moment the huge animal sprang from his crouching position, and, to the consternation of all beholders, seized the hand of Mr. Cross in his mouth. It is impossible accurately to describe the scene at this juncture—fear seemed to possess every one present. Several strangers who had been specially invited to witness the shifting, magnified the accident to Mr. Cross into an escape of the lion out of his cage; thus, filled with fear, they rushed out of the menagerie in great trepidation. The lion still held Mr. Cross fast by his hand, nor could he be enticed to let go his hold, although tempting junks of beef's and cows' hearts were thrown into his cage; but the most surprising part of all was that, during the whole of the time each was trying to attract the attention of the lion from him, Mr. Cross appeared the least undisturbed, as, with his eye fixed upon his captor, he seemed to be watching and waiting patiently for some expected opportunity. Finding the lion determined to retain his hold, and the pain becoming very severe, Mr. Cross asked one of the keepers to hand him a small bar of iron he was holding ready for use. With this Mr. Cross succeeded in striking the brute a terrific blow between the eyes. The enraged animal sprang back with a snort, tearing away the flesh from the hand, and mutilating one finger so seriously that at first it was thought amputation was an absolute necessity, and was recommended; but Mr. Cross, with coolness, in him characteristic, refused all surgical aid—he thought he was sufficiently cut up already, and, wrapping his mutilated limb in wet cloths, walked out of the menagerie as if no accident had happened to him, and returned as soon as possible to Liverpool.

EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF NERVE, PRESENCE OF MIND AND GOOD DRIVING.—During the week ending Dec. 1, four Eastend (London, Eng.) tradesmen, well known in trotting circles, entered into a match to trot sixteen miles, the winner to take the four nags. They were Mr. Amos's ch m Gipsy, Mr. Frost's ch m, Mr. H. Tucker's white pony, Harry, and Mr. L's b m Polly. It being an off-hand affair, Monday, Dec. 3d, was the day named, and the meet, Mr. Harry Tucker's, the Swan, Mile End road, at one o'clock. At the appointed time, only three of the competitors put in an appearance, Mr. Frost not showing up. George Tucker undertook the office of referee, and at once ordered the tits to the starting post, which was the second milestone on the Essex road, from thence through Romford, finishing at the eighteenth stone at Brentwood. The betting was even on Amos. Harry was driven in harness, the others going under the saddle, and each being steered by their respective owners. At two o'clock the lot got away, Gipsy taking the lead, followed by Mr. L.'s mare, Harry bringing up the rear. Thus they continued for two miles, when Harry was let out, and soon showed in front, making the pace very warm. At four miles he was leading by 200 yards, but here the whipple-tree broke and set the horse kicking, during which performance he kicked the seat of the sulky off, and sent Harry Tucker into the middle of the road; this, of course, gave the others a great advantage, and it seemed all over with Harry. Tucker, however, with the assistance of some bystanders, caught his pony, and, nothing daunted, started in pursuit of his opponents. Although he had nothing but the axletree to sit upon, and Mr. Amos was by this time a mile ahead, Harry, having every confidence in the pony, persevered, and at seven miles caught and passed Mr. L., who at once pulled up. Soon afterwards the referee was passed, his horse having given out, and after going twelve miles, Harry sighted his only remaining adversary, and in going through the town of Brentwood, about 400 yards from the finish, he came up to Mr. Amos, whose mare was dead beat, while Harry, fresh as a daisy, sailed away, and won amidst loud cheers by 150 yards. Mr. Tucker, from his fall, was severely cut and bruised, but luckily not seriously hurt.

HOW BUTTS MAKES MUSCLE.—Ambrose C. Butts has entirely "taken the sails out of" Dr. Winship. He writes that he can lift two thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds two ounces. He says: "I have eaten plain, simple food—few kinds at a meal, avoided knicknacks, pork and condiments. I have used mostly vegetable food, and milk when that would answer, but I found it necessary a portion of the time to introduce solid animal food into my diet. I regard beef-steak as containing the best muscle making principle, because it is muscle, and more readily distributed as such throughout the system."

PIGEON SHOOT.—A match at pigeons took place at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 25th ult., between half a dozen noted trigger-pullers of that place, three on a side, the losing trio to provide the turkey and other fixins' which go to make up a grand Christmas dinner. The conditions were to shoot at nine birds each, from ground traps, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1¼oz. shot. We give the score:

J. W. Orth	000000011	W. Haelmlen	001110110
B. Frisch	010111011	G. Gross	000101100
J. Montgomery	101111001	G. Hynica	110111010

RALLY ROUND THE PONDS, BOYS!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY A. D. W.

Come bow-legs and come bandy-legs,
Come strap ye on your skates;
Come fast them on, ye Aldermen,
And leave your mad debates;
Come preachers and come ministers,
And Smythe's disciples all;
Come, hurry up, ye jovial girls,
And list to Jack Frost's call,
'Tis now Cold Jack awaits without,
And bids ye hurry on;
So let us have a jolly time
Since now the New Year's born.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

What to Do and What Not to Do.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. This feat has often been attempted by new beginners, but never successfully. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice, for fast skaters to break their shins over. Fast skaters are your natural enemies, and should not be allowed to enjoy themselves peaceably.

3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where—right in the way of the rest of the party, if you want to. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.

4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady, try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation. If the lady's big brother is in sight it is well to omit this.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun, and—they like it.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice take it cooly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery. This will be fun for Woodham.

8. In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you may break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. This will make everybody think you fell because your skate was loose. Beginners always do, you know.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you. This will insure you a fine cold that will last you as long as you live.

11. After you get so you can skate tolerably well, skate yourself sick immediately. Don't be reasonable about it; skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up. Do this every day, and it will be sure to make you sick at last; and then you may die, and that will be an excellent thing; it will be such a good example to the rest of the young people.

A few simple directions for lady skaters are added:—

1. If you wear tilters on the ice, be sure that your calves are properly adjusted. The spectators along the bank are generally critical.

2. Scream prettily in passing an air hole, and give the arm of Chas. Augustus a frantic squeeze. It makes him feel his oats, in a protectional way.

3. If your skating partner is eligible, and your foot is pretty, don't hesitate in asking him to adjust your skate straps every ten minutes. He will rather like it.

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE ROBIN REDBREAST.—The red brestid robbingis a burd muchly dotet onto by seminary girls and poits. Gentlemen farmers also encurridge the robbing becos he swallereth insex when he can't get sno or anything else to eat. But practikle farmers and fruit growists begin to don't see it. I was onest a gentleman farmist. I am not so gentle as I was. I go for real farming, making my pile of manoor and rasin things to eat. I useted to listen for the robbing's matting lay and his evening carol, but I found out that he singed only to seduce femail robbings, and that where he et five insex he et quarts of cherries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and cetrer, and then pitch into the mellerest bartlett pairs. I found that my fruit crop a greed too well with Mr. robbingses crop. His wobbling to his femail friends at evening didn't pay for his gobbling choice fruit all day. And so, my friends, when the sweete red brest gets fat on the eggspensive produckts of northern gardens, and flocks southward to fill unsentimental pot-pies, I bid him adeo without regret.

BRILLIANT BILLIARDS.—The billiard champion of this continent, Mr. Joseph Dion, of Montreal, C. E., made a short stay at Toronto, C. W., while *en route* for home, on Dec. 14th, and showed the citizens how the spheres could be controlled, at an afternoon *seance* at the Revere House, and in a game of 500 points, caroms, between himself and Mr. May, brought it to a sudden termination in the third innings by a run of 495. In the evening another game of 500 points, caroms, was closely contested and won by the champion by 18 points. Mr. Dion scored 500 points, having made an average of 18 and 12.47 points. Mr. May scored 482 points, with an average of 17 and 18.27 points. Mr. Dion, as usual, succeeded in making many beautiful fancy shots. He left for Montreal on Dec. 15th.

A PIGEON MATCH, for $25 a side, was shot on Dec. 18th, a few miles from Boston on the Providence R. R., Monterey Station, between Mr. C. Portlock, of the Winthrop Shooting Club, and Mr. J. M. Schworerer, an outsider. Schworerer shooting first—shooting alternate—won by Mr. Portlock, as follows:—

C. Portlock	1111111110110101111—16
J. M. Schworerer	1110110101101011110—14

THANKSGIVING DAY was very generally celebrated by the batters and fielders of Frisco, by matches upon the green sward. The Pacifics got away with the Cosmopolitans to the tune of 27 to 20; the Eagles did likewise with the Independents, 44 to 26, and the Athletics, of San Francisco, and the Excelsiors, of Santa Clara, played the best contested game which has ever taken place on the Western coast, each standing 7 at the close of the ninth innings.

RUNNING CHALLENGE.—As Ralph Artingstall's backers are not satisfied with his defeat, Ed. Williams says he will run him for $500 or $1000 a side, the same distance, or he will run Mitchell, the Welsh Comet, or any other working man in the States, the same distance, for from $300 to $500 a side, to run in four or five weeks after the first deposit. Man and money ready at Thomas Williams' Stars and Stripes, Pottsville, Pa.

BILLIARD HANDICAP.—A free handicap for a silver tea service, gotten up by Messrs. Dufton and Davis, of metropolitan fame, commenced in London, Eng., on the 16th ult., and was in progress still on the 15th. The principal cueists of the great city and provinces took part, including Roberts, the champion, who was the favorite at latest advices.

JIG DANCING MATCH.—On the evening of Dec. 27 there was a match dance at Billy McMann's Academy, in Mercer street, between Jimmy Green and Geo. Sommers, for $35 a side, which George won, he having shown the most points and skill in the contest.

SKITTLES.

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AMUSEMENTS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 24th, 1866.---A MEETING of the friends of Manager JAMES W. LINGARD took place Dec. 23d, at No. 134 Bowery. Sympathizing most deeply with that gentleman in the sad loss he has recently sustained in the destruction of his theatre, on the afternoon of the 18th inst.

On motion, William C. Conner, Esq., was called to the chair, and James L. Clute, Esq., was appointed Secretary.

Upon taking his chair, Mr. Conner stated the object of the meeting.

Mr. G. P. Sweeny presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as by the late disastrous fire at the New Bowery Theatre, Mr. James W. Lingard has lost all he possessed in the world, the savings of many years of toil and industry, we, knowing the feelings of his kind and generous heart, ever prompt to respond to the distress of his fellow man, deem it our duty, in this his hour of need and distress, to extend to him not only our sympathy in words of condolence, but in a more gratifying and substantial manner.

A committee of twelve gentlemen was then appointed to carry out the object of the meeting, which was to solicit from the numerous friends of Mr. Lingard an expression of their regard for that gentleman.

On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed as a committee to wait on the friends of Mr. Lingard:

G. P. SWEENY,	E. L. MURPHY,
JOHN DENNETT,	ROBERT TAYLOR,
W. MANSFIELD,	THOS. H. FERRIS,
W. J. BARKER,	JACOB CLUTE,
MATH. C. FORDHAM,	W. MERRIFIELD,
E. D. BASSFORD,	FRANK RIVERS.

On motion, James A. Flack, Esq., was then appointed Treasurer.

The meeting then adjourned, to meet on SUNDAY, Dec. 30th, at the same place, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

WM. C. CONNER, Chairman.
Corner of Reade and Centre streets.

JAS. L. CLUTE, Secretary,
Worden House, corner of Bowery and Bayard street,
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JAS. A. FLACK, Treasurer, No. 3 North William street.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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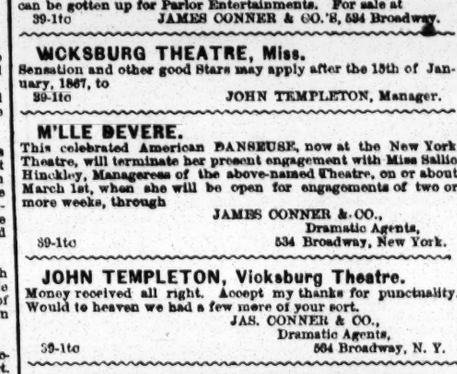

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DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

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CANTO I.

XL.

The lady's head was on her lover's breast—
His hand on her's; the twain sat on the bed.
Her eyes were partly closed; she needed rest,
Undoubtedly. The reason why he led
Here there instead of to a chair he best
Doth know himself, as also why he fed
Her on love-kisses, which is not so common a
Repast (at least down South) as hog and hominy.

XLI.

She tried to tell him to desist, but couldn't;
And seeing it was useless she grew bolder
And gave him kiss for kiss; of course she shouldn't,
And she'll repent it when she's somewhat older.
But after all I ask what woman wouldn't
Have done the same. She shrugged her pretty shoulder,
Then drew him closer—well, we'll cry enough;
Thereby complying with thy wish, Macduff.

XLII.

Ere the red sun came dripping from the sea,
And while as yet the first gray streaks of dawn
Displayed old Ocean's proud immensity,
What time Night's curtains were but half withdrawn,
Our charming Mary woke to find that she
Was in a room from whence she'd best begone;
So, seeing that Juan slept, his *brevetted* bride
Gave him one kiss, and sought her husband's side.

XLIII.

Logicians oft are tripped on soundest premises
By some small point that quite escaped their mind;
And there's a Fate called by most writers Nemesis,
That leads the way for Justice, who is blind.
(The tale of Cain and Abel, found in Genesis,
Is quite a good example of this kind.)
And Mary thought of this when soon she found
Her husband wide awake and looking round.

XLIV.

That he was angry there was no denying;
His face was of the hue of lobsters boiled;
His lady told him it was useless flying
Into a passion; but the stern brute spoiled
Her pretty speech, and set the fair dame crying
By calling her a strumpet; thus embroiled,
The loving pair went at it "hammer and tongs,"
Rehearsing at full length connubial wrongs.

XLV.

'Tis useless to repeat such conversation—
She first (as lawyers say) denied the whole,
And then denied each separate allegation;
Then swore upon her night-gown, or her soul,
That she would seek her home and reparation
When they arrived; and he, like any fool,
Got frightened at the threat, retracted, and
Made up the row by kissing her small hand.

XLVI.

Perhaps you'd like to know how fared meanwhile
His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, who
Had sought to obtain, as I have said, a smile
From Mary; well, he seemed a little blue
Until next day, when, simply to beguile
The heavy-hanging time for an hour or two,
She played a game of Chess with him, and slightly
Flirted, whereat the small great man grew knightly.

XLVII.

K P K 3; that's the best opening move,
And so she made it; but the Prince was quite
Enchanted with the thought of making love,
And forgot the moves in looking at her white
And pretty hand. She did not much reprove
Him when he seized it; perhaps he made a slight
Mistake, and thought it was a queen he'd captured—
At any rate he seemed to be enraptured.

XLVIII.

I know not what this conduct might have led to,
For in young folks you cannot place much trust;
And in spite of all the moral words that are said to
Such ones, they're subject still to wicked lust;
But Juan came just then, and Mary fled to
That worthy, leaving Albert all *non plussed*.
And (this will please his pretty bride, who's Danish,)
He damned the Yankee people and the Spanish.

XLIX.

The Don bade Mary follow him; she went,
And from the state-room next adjoining hers
She saw a sight that might have made her vent
Her anger on her spouse, if sufferers
Of connubial wrongs had not a punishment
More speedy and more fell. Your bard refers
To the Roman law, which Mary's very nice sense
Of justice made to mean a "general license."

L.

The scene. Mary's husband and the dame from France
Are sitting *tete a tete*—true lover fashion—
And ever and anon her dark eyes glance
Love's tell-tale story of an amorous passion—
They both indulged in foolish dalliance,
Hand-squeezes, kisses, hugs and all things rash. On
His shoulder she confidingly reposes,
While her loose dress half hidden charms discloses.

LI.

I love the French; I know they're very fickle,
But then they are so earnest in their actions;
Their plans are what the Scotch would call "a mickle,"
Their troubles might be headed "compound fractions,"
And yet a little fun will serve to tickle
Them all. I own they have too many factions
In politics, and you can never wean
Them of their fondness for the guillotine.

LII.

Their literature is good, tho' rather amorous;
Their poets have dipped in Helicon. Their sages,
With all their queer philosophy, enamour us;
Their dancers bear the palm, as they have for ages;
Their orators are eloquent, tho' clamorous;
Their religion's mixed—'twould take a dozen pages
To tell you of its changes; but I hope
They'll all be saved thro' Calvin or the Pope.

LIII.

Yet most of all I love their women; they
Learn all the pretty arts before they're twenty,
Then marry young; and then, to while away
The tedious time, choose "*cavaliers servente*."
In fact these second lovers are *au fait*,
And tho' the cause for scandal there is plenty,
They gossip less about their neighbors than
The modest folks yclept American.

LIV.

Again I'm wandering from my chosen text—
With your permission I'll go back once more
To where I left Dame Mary somewhat vex'd
At seeing through a crevice in the door
Her faithless husband, who was unperplex'd
By any thought of being seen. He swore
He thought his wife a hag in form and feature
Compared with this new mistress—charming creature.

LV.

And then the charming creature smiled, and threw
Her arms around him with peculiar zest;
And with a languid, loving look, she drew
His head upon her hotly-throbbing breast.
Of what occurred I have no further clew—
If you're a Yankee you can guess the rest,
For Juan and his mistress left the place
And I (their shadow) followed at slow pace.

LVI.

Meantime the huge machinery of the boat
Moved with a noise, a sad, dull monotone,
Like to a giant chained; who would denote
His sorrow for lost freedom by a groan.
And when the paddle wheels the billows smote
The very ocean seemed compelled to own
The mastery of man; altho' its bed
Was filled with countless myriads of the dead.

LVII.

How fearful death appears upon the sea!
In the wild waste of waters there to meet
The King of Terrors, whose supremacy
O'er all mankind through time must be complete;
To hear the mad storms laugh in fiendish glee;
To see the great waves wrap their winding sheet
Around the helpless clay that finds a tomb,
To man unknown in Ocean's deeper gloom.

LVIII.

O, it is terrible! yet after all
What matters it to us how, where or when
We answer Death's stern unrelenting call?—
Whether we die amongst the haunts of men,
Or on the gory field of battle fall,
'Tis all the same—"We sleep, and then—what then
I do not know, no more do you"—mysterious
The theme is, and for me by far too serious.

LIX.

In just three days the land appeared in sight—
At least the sailor on the look-out spied it—
Altho', unless your glasses had been bright,
I rather think you would not have descried it.
The place was Sandy Hook; the sand is white
And very barren, and the tides divide it
Between the fishermen and soldiers, who
Express their feelings by their dress of blue.

LX.

At noon the sun came out, and thro' its blaze
Of glory the great city was discerned,
And pleasant visions of the dear dead days
Came up to those who to their homes returned;
And foreigners spoke of our land in praise,
And emigrants from dying Europe yearned
To tread the shores where all alike are freemen—
Some "larks" were also talked of by the seamen.

LXI.

There was the usual fuss to disembark,
And strange tongues mingled as they did at Babel,
While on the dock stood many a watchful shark
To play the spider's part (you know the fable).
Quiet was not restored till nearly dark,
When Juan felt much like the Atlantic cable,
(But not the last attempt) for he had *parted*
With his New *connection*, and was much down-hearted.

LXII.

This trik of parting makes me think 'tis time
The canto closed; then I must part from thee,
O foolish reader of a foolish rhyme!
When I begin again I'll try to be
High-toned and stately, polished and sublime;
And if I fail through inability,
I'll try blank verse and steal from Enoch Arden,
Tho' that's too flat—I'll beg the Laureate's pardon.

LXIII.

"I hung my verses in the wind," says Taylor,
"And all were winnowed fiercely thro' and thro';
"And blown to hell and gone!" added a sailor;
"No," said the poet, "five lines were sound and true,
And these remained;" I say the same; you may fail or
Succeed in finding them—that's left to you,
But if they're found you'll notice they contain
My moral, which is excellent and plain.

END OF CANTO I.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL IN THE WEST.

THE CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

THE NORTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.

The second annual convention of the Northwestern Association of Base Ball Players assembled at the Briggs House, Chicago, Dec. 19th, 1866. The convention was called to order by the President, G. Charles Smith, of Chicago.

Upon the call of the roll of clubs represented at the last meeting of the Association, the following delegates were found to be present:—

Atlantic, Chicago—G. P. Wells and A. M. Kinzie.
Capitol, Madison, Wis.—F. M. Doon and J. E. Fisher.
Detroit, Detroit, Mich.—R. H. Anderson and J. M. Van Norman.
Elkhart, Elkhart, Ind.
Excelsior, Chicago—William Lowe and Ira Couch.
Forest City, Rockford, Ill.—E. H. Griggs and H. S. Warner.
Hope, St. Louis—James Reed and J. M. Williams.
Julien, Dubuque, Iowa.
Kenyon, Gambier, Ohio.
Laporte, Laporte, Ind.—J. E. Heller.
Pacific, Chicago.
Sinnissippi, Rockford.
Wabash, Lafayette, Ind.—Geo. D. Mitchell.
Western, Indianapolis—J. H. Dean and T. O. Barbour.

The Committee on Nominations reported, and the following clubs were admitted:—

Cincinnati Base Ball Club, organized July 23, 1866. Number of members, 40. Delegate—W. C. Chapman.

Diamond Base Ball Club, of Mishawaka, Ind., organized July 18, 1866. Number of members, 36. Delegate—S. N. Pettit.

Hoosier Base Ball Club, of Lafayette, Ind., organized June 5, 1866. Number of members, 38. Delegates—A. F. Moner, J. S. Warrick.

Wabash Base Ball Club, of Lafayette, Ind. Delegate—G. D. Mitchell.

Cream City Base Ball Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., organized Oct. 6, 1865. Number of members, 40. Delegates—R. Allen, Jr., Martin Larkin.

Badger Base Ball Club, of Columbus, Wis., organized June 23, 1866. Delegate—Harvey Rowell.

Bloomington Base Ball Club, of Bloomington, Ill., organized May 23, 1865. Number of members, 90. Delegates—G. W. Lackey, C. J. Roe.

Kekionga Base Ball Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., organized July 4, 1866. Number of members, 40. Delegates—F. A. Gorham, J. R. Hoagland.

Summit City Base Ball Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Delegates—J. S. Mower, Jas. Simonson.

Excelsior Base Ball Club, of St. Louis, Mo., organized first in 1861, and re-organized October 1, 1865. Number of members, 20. Delegates—G. H. Boos, August Shott.

Badger Base Ball Club, of Beloit, Wis., organized June 21, 1866. Number of members, 67. Delegates—W. B. Westcott, C. Ingersoll.

Amateur Base Ball Club, of Chicago, Ill., organized April 25, 1866. Number of members, 53. Delegates—John A. Farwell, Gwinn Garnett, John W. Parmelee.

Lone Star Base Ball Club, of Anderson, Ind., organized July 27, 1866. Number of members, 25. Delegates—E. V. Van Norman and W. E. Cook; alternate, W. T. White.

Defiance Base Ball Club, of St. Louis, Mo., organized April 29, 1865. Number of members, 29. Delegate—E. McPhetridge.

Indianapolis Base Ball Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., organized August 16, 1866. Number of members, 50. Delegates—E. McDonald, John McCauley.

Excelsior Base Ball Club, of Chicago, Ill. Delegates—Ira Couch, Jr., Will. Low.

Occidental Base Ball Club, of Cleveland, Ohio. Delegates—C. H. Tullen, S. T. Williams.

Chicago Base Ball Club, of Chicago, Ill., organized Sept, 15, 1866. Number of members, 23. Delegates—W. P. Shannon, D. W. Fuller.

Resolute Base Ball Club, of the University of Chicago, Ill. Delegates—H. A. Gardner, C. E. McQueen.

Forest City Base Ball Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, organized Aug. 10, 1865. Number of members, 70. Delegate—Walter Scates.

Mr. E. H. Griggs of Rockford, one of the delegates to the National Base Ball Convention recently held in New York, gave an account of the proceedings of the convention, and of the courtesies extended to them as representatives of the Northwestern Association.

Mr. E. H. Griggs, of the Committee on Rules and Regulations, reported that the committee had concluded to submit for approval the amendments to the by-laws and rules adopted by the National Association.

The time of meeting has been changed from the third Wednesday in December of each year, to the third Wednesday of January of each year.

Mr. B. R. Chambers moved that when the Association adjourned it adjourn *sine die*. He explained that by the action of the National Association in encouraging the formation of State associations which were to be fully represented in the National Association, which would also allow clubs to be represented in their deliberations, all utility in the existence of the Northwestern Association was destroyed. The motion gave rise to a prolonged discussion, and was finally lost. Ayes 17; noes 26.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Association then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:—

President—J. M. Van Harman, *Detroit*, Detroit, Mich.
Vice President—G. P. Welles, *Atlantic*, Chicago, Ill.
Secretary—E. H. Griggs, *Forest City*, Rockford, Ill.
Treasurer—J. E. Heller, *Laporte*, Laporte, Ind.

Mr. J. J. Kearney was admitted as a representative of the Pacific Club, Chicago.

Mr. J. J. Kearney, of the Pacific Club, Chicago, stated that the name of that club had recently been changed to "Garden City Club," and would hereafter be known by the latter name.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Holmes Hoge, of the Atlantic Club, Chicago:—

Resolved, That all clubs consisting wholly of members under eighteen years of age shall be termed junior clubs. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Mr. J. J. Kearney offered the following:—

Resolved, That a committee of one from each State, be appointed to report on the propriety of the Association having a tournament under its auspices. Adopted.

The President appointed the following gentlemen as members of that committee:—J. J. Kearney, of Chicago; W. B. Westcott, Wisconsin; Joseph Reed, Missouri; C. H. Brownell, Ohio; E. M. McDonald, Indiana, and R. H. Anderson, Michigan.

The committee retired for consultation, and soon after reported the following, which, on motion, was accepted and the committee discharged:—

Resolved, That all Base Ball Clubs represented in the Northwestern Base Ball Convention that may wish to compete for the championship of the Northwest, shall meet in a tournament at some place and time to be designated by the officers of the Convention during the season of 1867. Rejected.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. J. H. Mower, of Indiana:—

Resolved, That whenever two or more clubs shall signify to the President of the Association their desire to compete for the Championship of the Northwest, the officers of the Association are here by instructed to arrange the details of a tournament to be held within thirty days thereafter, at which said championship shall be decided.

The resolution was adopted, when the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

The death blow was given to associations composed of clubs from several States like these of the Northwestern Association and that of the New England Association, by the official recognition of State Associations made at our Convention in this city, and yet there were delegates present who talked pretty loud against this movement and in favor of a selfish and narrow minded policy, which, if it had succeeded, would have made the Northwestern Association a powerful rival to the National, and have led to a different code of playing rules for the West. The liberal policy adopted, however, has had the effect of organizing State Associations, and of adopting the same code of rules to govern every club in the country, and hence there will soon be no associations composed of combinations of States except the National Convention.

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

A match for the championship of the lower Mississippi was played at New Orleans on the 21st ult. between the Lone Stars, of that place and the Mississippi Valley Club, of Vicksburg, Miss. The score will be found below:—

Mississippi Valley.	R.	Lone Star.	R.
Cleaves, p	2	Cook, p	10
McCallie, 1 f	2	Howard, 1 f	10
Jackson, 3d b	1	McManus, 3d b	9
Stogleman, 1st b	0	Amar, 1st b	10
De Night, 2d b	0	Hurley, 2d b	10
Selleck, s s	2	Kennedy, s s	8
Edwards, c f	2	Tracey, c f	9
Wentz, c	2	McEnerny, c	8
O'Reilly, r f	0	Wilson, r f	8
Total	11	Total	82

A SHARP OPERATION.—We find the following article in a Philadelphia exchange:—"A rather odd case was heard on Saturday, Dec 22d, before Alderman Bettler, at the Central Police Station, Philadelphia. George Johnston and John Lazarus were the defendants. John keeps a drinkery in Sixth street, near Arch. Johnston claims to be agent for the Tremont Brewery. The charge was, that the two conspired to swindle a man named Jones, who lives in Watkins street. The prosecutor bought a gold watch of Richard Walker, for which he paid $90. Some time after the purchase Johnston called at the house of Jones, in company with a man whom he represented to be a constable, and asked to see the watch, saying that Walker had stolen it. The watch was shown, Johnston declared it to be his, and threatened to arrest Jones for buying stolen goods. At the same time he insisted that the watch should be returned or the value of it handed over. To stimulate Jones to a speedy conclusion, Johnston said Walker had been arrested and locked up at the Central Station. Jones requested time to reflect upon the matter, and after Johnston and the reputed constable had left, he sent a friend to the Central Station and one to the house of Lazarus, to find out if Walker had been arrested. When Lazarus was questioned about it, he told the same story as Johnston had done, and, in addition, that he had been arrested by George Smith, detective officer. This story was a fabrication, as Walker had not been arrested. Lazarus and Johnston were each held in $1200 bail for their appearance at Court."

THE RING.

AMERICAN FISTIANA.

Doings in the American Prize Ring During the Year 1866.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Bounty, Johnny (negro), beat Cornele Finch, Willis Point, N. Y., purse, 19r., 65min., May 6.
Blackey, Johnny, beat Geo. W. Taylor, San Francisco, $500, 118r., 110min., June 20.
Brown, Mike, beat Charley Cannon, near New York, purse, 19r., Oct. 11.
Brownlee, Geo., beat Tom Rogers, room, Pittsburgh, Pa., purse, 17r., April 24.
Cleary, Mart and Ash Bolden, near Alexandria, Va., $100, 6r., police, April 20.
Curley beat Maher, Nebraska, purse, 23r. April.
Carr, Mike, beat Horatio Bolster, Johnson's Springs, Va., $300 a side, 23r., 30min., July 20.
Chandler, Tommy, and Pete McGuire, Lakeville, $1000 a side, 69r., Jan. 17, darkness came on; was to have fought it out Jan. 18; Chandler was on hand, McGuire was not, and Tommy got the money.
Collyer, Sam, beat Mike Carr, near Baltimore, $100 a side, 14r., 24min., March 16.
—— beat Horatio Bolster, near Alexandria, Va., $300 a side, 49r., 55min., May 8.
—— beat Barney Aaron, Pohick Landing, Va., $500 a side and Light Weight Championship, 47r., 145min., June 20.
Corbett beat Desmond, Henderson's Gulch, M. T., 20r., Sept. 1.
Coburn, Joe, and Billy McLain, turn-up, Dec. 7.
Cornell, Milage, died in New York Dec. 10, in his 35th year.
Collins, Wm. ("Stunning Joe Banks") died at Lavalee, Ill., Nov. 20.
Duffey, Hen., beat Jim Gorman, near Charleston, S. C., purse, 80r., April.
Dally, Dick, beat Silas Faraday, near Pottsville, Pa., $200 a side, 57r., 1h 27m, Aug. 16.
Dunn, Jim, assaulted by officer Kinney, who broke his club over his jaw, Brooklyn, Oct. 5.
Dwyer, Jimmy, beat Patsy Foy, Owybee Co., I. T., $500 a side, 85r., 126m, Sept. 26.
Dean, Ben., beat John King, near Houghton, Mich., purse, 33r., 55m, Jan. 15.
Duffey, Tom and Dutchy Ludwig, turn-up, Helena City, M. T., Jan. 2.
Donegan, Dan, beat Dick Negley, near Nashville, Tenn., $1000, 12r., Jan.
Dailey, Pete, beat George Siddons, Swampscott, Mass., $250 a side, 65r., 1h 53m, May 12.
—— and Johnny McClinchy, 85r., 1h. 4m., April 17.
Donovan, Young, beat McCoy, near St. Louis, $250, 88r., July 27.
Duane, Charley, alias "Dutch Charley," acquitted of the murder of Col. Ross, California, Nov.
Derry, Dan, shot Nelson, Baltimore, Nov., fatal.
Evans, Patsy and Luke Murphy, room fight, New York, $100 a side, 24r., Dec. 15, draw.
Fitzgerald, Ned, beat Jimmy Raffell, Bear City, M. T., $250 a side, 21r., July 15.
—— beat Sailor Burke, Helena City, M. T., $130, 18r., 42m, Aug. 25.
Hogan, Tom, beat Matt. Kelly, near St. Louis, $200, 118r., 1h 52m, Feb. 22.
Harrington, Billy, beat Jack Riley, Kingston, C. W., $500 a side, 89r., 72m, July.
Hogan, Ben., beat Bob Donnelly, Fort Erie, Canada, $500 a side, 35r., 30m, Oct. 6.
Harris, Dooney, left for California, Oct. 20.
Irving, Jim, and Owney Geoghegan, turn-up, Dec. 5.
James, DeWitt Clinton, killed by John Price, New American Theatre, Baltimore, Md., May 9.
Joyce, Peter, beat Billy Farrell, near New Orleans, $500 a side, 41r., June.
Johnson, Scotty, left for Scotland, Dec. 8.
Kerrigan, Jim, beat Morris Phalen, Pike Co., Pa., $500 a side, 18r., 29m, Jan. 16.
King, Tom, beat Billy Farrell, near New Orleans, $500 a side, 83r., 68m, May 13.
—— beat Mealles, near New Orleans, Feb.
Kelly, Billy, and Teddy McAuliff, near Jamaica, L. I., $300 a side, 55r., 92m, Aug. 28, draw.
King, Charley, beat Jimmy Woods, New York, 8r., 25m, Sept. 24.
Lynch, Charley, died at Bellevue Hospital, New York, April 25, of dropsy.
Morgan, Harry, beat Pat Reese, Massillon, O., $100 a side, 16r., July 18.
McDermott, Jimmy, beat Tom Smith, near Marietta, Ga., $300 a side, 40r., 1h 35m, March 9.
McGlade, Johnny, beat Dick Johnson, near New Orleans, M. staking $200 to J's $100, 32r., 38m, April 30.
McAlpine, Tom, beat Johnny Devine, near San Francisco, $100, 105r., 1h 45m, June 20.
McCoole, Mike, beat Bill Davis, Rhoad's Point, Mo., $1000 a side, and a Champion's Belt, 34r., 34m, Sept. 19.
McCabe, Frank, and Johnny Houghtaling assaulted by Lew Baker and others, bar room, New York, Oct. 1.
McFarland, Mike, died at San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 18.
Morrissey, John, elected to Congress from the Fifth Cong. District, Nov. 6.
Maguire, Charley and Joe Hughes, near New York, $25 a side, 25m, June 21, draw.
Nickleson, Tom, beat Phil. Leonard, near Cincinnati, O., $200, 7r., 45m, Jan. 28.
Orem, Con, beat Patsy Marley, Leviathan Hall, Montano City, M. T., $700 and $2000 gate money, 95r., Jan. 1.
—— beat Hugh O'Neill, Helena, M. T., $1300 in gold and $485 in greenbacks, 52r., Aug. 24.
—— and Billy Dwyer, glove fight, People's Theatre, Virginia City, M. T., $200 a side, Sept. 23, draw.
Pratt, J., beat R. White, Port Royal, S. C., $500, 69r., Jan. 1.
Riley, Butt, and Johnny McGlade, Pike Co., Pa., (same ring as Kerrigan and Phalen), 12r., 20m, Jan. 16, draw.
Riley, Joe, beat Jim Shannon, Montana City, M. T., $500, 48r., 1h 13m, March 6.
Rogers, Young, beat McManus, Union Hill, Weehawken, 75r., 61m, June 1.
Rock, Barney, beat Charley Woods, near Philadelphia, 74r., 79m, July 17.
Romley, Ted, beat Jack Cody, near Sheepshead Bay, 39r., 70m, Sept. 2.
Rooke, Geo., beat Tim Hussey, near Boston, $100 a side, 14r., 30m, Oct. 3.
Sullivan, Jim, beat Dave Kelly, Mott Haven, 80r., 1h 23m, Nov. 25.
Tuohey, Ed. James, left for Brazil, Nov. 22.
Taylor, Dick, died at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 15.
Williams, Jim, beat Geo. Davidson, Gulf Verandah, Texas, $200 a side, 10r., 30m, Jan. 8.
Welsh, Jim, beat Denny McHugh, Louisville, Ky., 10r., Aug. 20.
White, Bill, beat Mike Carr, Johnson's Springs, Va., $300 a side, 44r., 36m, Nov. 20.
Walker, Johnny, died at San Francisco, Oct. 4, in his 33d year.
Waters, Martin, died in New York, Dec. 10.
Wilson, Geo., beat Geo. Baker, Carriboo, Brit. Col., $500 a side, 14r., 74½m, Oct. 30.
Winkle, Hen., died in New York City, Dec. 18, of consumption, aged 38.

BRITISH FISTIANA.

Doings In the British Prize Ring During 1866.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Allen, Tom, beat George Iles, London district, £50, 17r., 1hr 2m., June 13.
Allen, Harry, beat Tom Kelly, Flouch, £100, 36r., 60m., Aug. 28.
Atkinson, Bill, died, Nottingham, Sept. 12.
Baggott, A., beat Sam Nash, Bassett Pole, purse, 44r., 1h 2m., Jan. 3.
Brettle, Bob, and Jim Lightfoot, Kingsnympton, £10. 3r., draw, Jan. 4.
Baldock, J., beat J. Regan, London district, purse, 30r., 1h 57min., March 6.
Bowler, Nat, beat Bob Crow, London district, £20, 11r., 27m., March 7.
Barnes, F., beat T. Mannior, Sheffield district, £20, 37r., 44m., April 9.
Bendoff beat the Brighton Doctor, Hackney Marshes, £15, 45m., 8m 30sec., July 3.
Berridge, Ned, died, London, Aug. 7.
Brady, Jas., beat Arthur Chambers, Newburgh, £50, 63r., 3h 15m., Aug. 7 and 8.
Beasley beat Bardle near Birmingham, purse, 40r., 55m., August 14.
Bates, Thos., and Peter Bannighan, Saltersbrook, £50, 60r., 2h 16m., Sept. 3.
Broadhurst, C., beat W. Cottrall, Bedston Hill, £10, 24r., 44m., Sept. 17.
Baldock, J., beat Ted Napper, Hole Haven, £150 to £100, 9r., ring broken in, Oct. 23.
Bell, G., and W. Worthy, Home Circuit, £10, 17r., 42m., draw, Nov. 12.
Curley, Teddy, beat Tom Little, Skelton Moor, £4, 11r., 25m., Dec. 10.
Chadwick, Jno. and Tom Buck, Liverpool, £10, 101r., 2h 32m., glove fight, draw, Jan. 24.
Chambers, A., beat J. Prior, Manchester district, £50, 13r., 20 m., Feb. 6.
Cousins, J., beat Thos. Trew, London district, £20, 48r., Feb. 6.
Conboy, J., and M. McDermott, Salford Barracks, £10, 8r., 1h 20m., March 6.
Cross, Old Bob, and W. Ralstrick, London district, £20, 27r., 1h 43m., draw, March 22.
Collins, T., beat Young Mickey Bent, London district, £50, 87r., 3h 29m., April 10.
Clarke, Tom, beat "Daddy" Whitman, Linfin Moor, £10, 1h 40 m., July 16.
Collins, J., beat J. Almey, near Leicester, £10, 1h 10m., police interfered, July 2.
Cross beat Sherlock, London district, purse, 74r., 2h 14m., August 22.
Cain, Dick, died, Leceister, Sept. 17.
Cartledge, J., and A. McGuire, Plainstow district, purse, 48r., 1h 52m., draw, Oct. 6.
Chitter, J., beat F. Jinks, Litchfield district, £10, 52r., 2h 15m., Oct. 30.
Casey, Andrew, beat Barney Regan, London district, £10, 102r., 2h 12m., Nov. 26.
Collins, Dan, died, Borough, London, Dec. 5, aged 42.
Donovan, J., beat Wm. Love, London district, £10, 43r., 1h 25m., Jan. 8.
Devitt, C., beat F. Morgan, Selby Oak, £10, 14r., 87m., April 2.
Dilson, Jem, stabbed, London, June 6.
Dove, George, beat Wolf Cohen, London district, £30, 34r., 2h 8m 30sec., July 3.
Evans, J., beat Charley Rose, near Birmingham, £5, 33r., 1h 30m., April 19.
Eden, Jos., beat Geo. Baker, near Victoria, Vancouver's Island, $1,000, 12r., 1h 53m., February.
Evans (Nutsi) beat Jack Haley, London district, £30, 71r., 1h 16m., police interfered, July 16.
Fowers, Young, beat Dan Kingston, near Leicestershire, £10, 1h 13m., April 7.
Fletcher, Geo., beat Jim Foy, Langsett, £50, 26r., 1h 20m. Sept. 27.
Fawcett, Young, beat Mullody, near Birmingham, purse, 22r., 45m., Nov. 5.
Green, Plantagenet, beat Tom McKelvy, Horley Station, £50, 12r., 21m 30s., Feb. 2.
Gillam, Bill, and J. Brookes, London district, £50, 20r., 1h 6m., April 3.
Goodwin, Dick, beat Young [illegible] Hazel Head Bridge, £50, 54r., 55m. March
Gregg, J., beat Young [illegible] Circuit, purse, 50r., 2h 9m., June 14.
Hicken, Abm., and J. Holmes, Staffordshire, £10, 105r., 2h 17m., Dec. 18 and 19, 1865.
Hill, Wm., "Chelsea Doctor," died, London, Dec. 27, 1865.
Hargreaves, beat Ward, near Wakefield, £10, 1h 20m., Dec. 26, 1865.
Haley beat Welsh, London district, £10, 12r., 38m., March 6.
Harris, beat J. Withers, London district, £10, 40r., 1h 10m., April 17.
Hicken, Abe, and Jim Gollagher, Kent, £100, 9r., police interfered, May 24.
Hitchen, H., beat C. Rose, Midland district, £10, 23r., 32m., May 28.
Hart beat Reece, London district, purse, 32r., 41m. Aug. 6.
Hunt, Young, beat C. Fuller, London district, £20, 55r., 2h. 7m., Aug. 16.
Hicken, E., beat J. Weston, Water Orton, £90, 99r., 2h. 7m., Aug. 29.
Hanks, J., beat D. Colman, Bristol district, £10, 34r., 1h. 30m., Sept 2.
Hicken, Black, beat C. Pagett, Oakenlawn, £20, 62r., 1h. 12m., October 19.
Harris, Young, and Edmonds, Wolverhampton district, purse, 19r., 35m., Oct. 15.
Hodgson, Jem, and Nat Bowler, London district, £25, 55r., 2h. 30m., Nov. 20.
Ibberson, J., beat H. Winter, Whitecross Wood, £10, 28r., 40m., Feb. 12.
Jordan, Geo., beat J. Faulkner, near Birmingham, £20, 1h. 11m., Jan. 9.
Jones, Sims, beat R. Tasker, Wath, £5, 13r., 19m., March.
Kelly, Young, beat T. Goddard, Bristol district, £10, 63r., Dec. 27, 1865.
Keefe, Jas., died, Victoria Park Hospital, London, aged 28, June 28.
Lewis, J., and I. Lewis, Cardiff district, purse, 76r., 2h. 38m., draw, Jan. 22.
Lane, Young Tom, beat Dick Fellowes, London district, £100, 33r., 75m. 30sec., April 4.
Lane, Young Tom, beat Dan Cruichley, Anschurch, £20, 19r., Aug. 20.
Littler, S., beat W. Tease, Hall Wood, £10, 21r., 31m., Sept. 10.
Morris, H., beat Smoky Bishop, London district, £20, 21r., 53m., Dec. 18, 1865.
Murphy and Westhead, Ditton, £50, 6r., 12m., police, Jan. 23.
McCardell, J., beat J. Mann, Barnsley, £10, 3r., 30m., Feb. 5.
McCabe beat Bluey, London district, purse, 33r., 2h. 8m., March.
Maberly, T., beat T. Hazlegreave, Leeds district, £30, 12r., 21m., March 19.
Morris, P., beat Jem Fox, near Birmingham, £50 and Feather Weight Championship, 35r., 1h. 4m., April 17.
Mace, Jem, and Joe Goss, near London, £400 and the championship, 1r., 1h. 14m., draw, May 24.
Matchett, Young, beat Puss Moran, Birmingham district, purse, 33r., 1h. 7m., May 28.
Mace, Jem, beat Joe Goss, London district, £400, 21r., 30m., Aug. 6.
Martin, J., beat J. Brusby, London district, purse, 8r., 11m., Aug. 13.
McKew, Buzzy, beat J. McKew, Rednall, £10, 80r. 1h. 35m., Sept. 10.
Morris, J., beat M. Tollerton, near Witham, £10, 41r., 1h. 20m., Sept. 15.
McNee, P., beat W. Robinson, Highton, £10, 29r, 50m., Oct. 2.
Morris, Peter, and Geo. Holden, near Tewkesbury, [illegible] and Feather Weight Championship, 41r., 2h. 19m., draw, N[illegible] 27th and 28th.
Nine-eye, J., beat Young Hereford, Barron's Field, £10, 14r., 50m., April 3.
Nixey, Young, beat Bill Langan, Fidler's Ferry, £20, 11r., 31m. 40s., May 1.
Neville, H., beat Nobby Winter, Cheshire, £50, 5r. 6m., June 5.
Nye, W., beat Young Gladden, Home Circuit, £10, 13r., 21m., June 13.
Neville, H., beat Young Reton, Saltersbrook, £10, 62r., 59m., Sept. 3.
Niland, J., beat T. Callaghan, Bloxwich, £11, 13r., 26m., Sept. 17.
Neville, H., beat W. Stanton, Saltersbrook, £50, 50r., 1h. 10m., Oct. 3.
Niland, J., beat Young Lane, Smethwick district, £10, 51r., 1h. 45m., Nov. 26.
O'Baldwin, Edward, beat George Iles, near Fleetpond, £100, 3r., 57m., Feb. 19.
O'Brien, J., beat J. Evans, Garston, £10, 11r., 36m., April 10.
O'Baldwin, Edward, beat Andrew Marsden, Holme, £200, 11r., 16m., Sept. 25.
Parfitt, T., beat T. Curley, Leeds district, £50, 19r., 28m., Jan. 23.
Punch, Young, beat T. Donoghue, London district, £10, 32r., 37m., March 19.
Probert, G., beat D. Crutchley, Barnt Green, £20, 49r., police int., April 12.
Passmore beat Freshwater, London district, £11, 41r., 1h. 3m., April 9.
Rodley, R., beat T. Thorpe, Leeds district, £50, 10r., 25m., Jan. 10.
Rooke, J., and W. Ryall, London district, £400, 13r., 2h. 56m., draw, Jan. 16.
Rooke, J., and W. Ryall, Godstone, £400, 9r., 3h. 35m., draw, Feb. 22.
Robert, J., beat T. Davies, Ellesmere, Wales, £10, 13r., 38m., April 18.
Reynolds, W., beat A. Bowers, London district, £30, 40r., 1h. 7m., May 9.
Rowe, J., beat C. Barker, near Eckleshall, £10, 54r., 2h. 57m., May 8.
Ryley beat Furnett, Brierly Hill, 34r., 36m., police int., May 22.
Rawlings, J., beat Ruff Young, Derbyshire, £50, 31r., 45m., July 10.
Rawlings, J., beat J. Duffin, Derbyshire, £30, 19r., 27m., Sept. 13.
Rennison, J., and Betty Wormald, Barnsley, purse, 60r., 1h. 45m., Sept. 17.
Rose, B., beat J. Swift, near Nottingham, £22, 10s., 24r., 42m., Oct. 2.
Silborne, H., beat O. Platt, near Northampton, £11, 85r., 2h. 17m., Dec. 4, 1865.
Short, Buck, beat George Ashmore, Sheffield district, purse, 72r., 1h. 10m., Jan. 29.
Sloane beat Westhead, Liverpool district, £20, 26r., March 20.
Stoddart beat Thomas, Liverpool district, £50, 38r., 54m., foul, March 27.
Smith, F., died, Fulham, July 9.
Sedden, R., and J. Cropper, near Ormskirk, latter killed, 1r., Oct. 15.
Sawney, Young, and P. Millard, London district, £50, 33r., November.
Taylor, J., beat T. Parfitt, Eastwood, £50, 93r., 2h 1m, September 25.
Tebbetts, Young, beat Young Curley, London district, £10, 18r., 2h 20m, Nov. 12.
Turnbull, Geo., beat Jno. Hands, Newcastle district, £50, 68r., 1h 25m, Dec. 4.
Walls, J., beat J. Wade, London district, £10, 18r., 32m., Dec. 4, 1865.
Webb, J., beat Eli Jallett, Australia, £100, 19r., Sept. 19, 1865.
Winter, Nobby, beat J. Sutcliff, Barnsley, £10, 6r., police interfered, Jan. 1.
Welsh, J., beat J. Moran, near Birmingham, £10, 13r., 1h 18m, Jan. 23.
Whitehead, Benj., beat M. Wood, Gipsy Lane, £20, 14r., 19m, Feb. 2.
Wainwright, W., and J. Lavern, near Otley, purse, 45r., 1h 10m, police int., Feb. 19.
Warner, Young, and Shorty Robinson, Chesterton, purse, 16r., 22m, police int., March 20.
Wilson, Frank, beat T. Flynn, near Birmingham, £20, 64r., 2h. 31m, April 23.
Waterhouse, T., and J. Kelly, Sydney, Australia, £90, 49r., 2h. March 5.
Wall, G., beat J. Davis, near Sutton Coldfield, £10, 5r., 25m, May 22.
Wilson, F., beat T

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Exhibition at Carme's Rooms,

BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET,
On THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 3,

Games by PHELAN, LAKE, McDEVITT, etc.; and Fancy Shots by CARME. 39-1t*

DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN THE METROPOLIS.

Except that a match at French caroms, for $250 a side, was made between John McDevitt and a well-known amateur formerly a resident of Brooklyn, nothing in the way of money contests transpired in metropolitan billiard circles during the holidays.

On Wednesday evening, 19th ult., Michael Phelan, Pierre Carme, Prof. Lake, John McDevitt, Edward Cahill, and Michael Geary contributed greatly to the amusement of the patrons of the Masonic Fair, still being held at the corner of Grand and Crosby streets, by playing a series of games, American and French, and executing a number of fancy strokes. Carme had the latter portion of the programme all to himself, as usual. The contestants in the games were Lake and Phelan, the latter winning; McDevitt and Cahill, the former winning; and Geary and Cahill, Geary being defeated. Geary and Collins have presented Ocean Lodge No. 156 with a miniature table, four feet by eight.

On the 20th, Phelan, Lake, Carme and McDevitt knocked the balls about at the rooms of the new firm of Wyzeman & McDevitt.

On the 24th, Kavanagh and Foster played a game at the rooms of the Masonic Fair.

On the 26th, another exhibition was given in behalf of Ocean Lodge by Phelan, Carme, McDevitt and Geary, the first-named officiating as master of ceremonies. The opening game was between Carme and Phelan, 200 points, pushing shots barred. Carme won easily. The second, also 200 up, push barred, brought Carme and McDevitt *vis-a-vis*. McDevitt utterly repudiated the idea that he is nothing if not a "nurser," by defeating Carme by 125 points, averaging nearly 23. Next followed McDevitt and Geary in a game at caroms, 21 points up. McDevitt, starting off in a run of 10, averaging in the neighborhood of 4, won by 16. Carme then wound up with his "fancy licks," Mr. Phelan explaining their nature. There will be no more exhibitions by these players, who have given three, which, it is calculated, have added the snug little sum of $500 to the Masonic exchequer. The table still remains, and is availed of by the patrons of the Fair, who find it a delightful medium for killing time.

On the 27th, a stirring exhibition, which, though hastily conceived and unannounced, was fairly attended, took place at Carme's rooms. Carme himself and Phelan and McDevitt were the chief actors. In a game of 300 points, pushing shots excluded, Carme took satisfaction out of McDevitt for his defeat on the previous night. The Frenchman also captured Phelan in a game of three strings of 63 each. Another entertainment, on a grander scale, however, is announced by Carme for Thursday evening, 3d inst.

TEMPERANCE BILLIARD ROOM.—Gershom B. Hubbell, the retired billiard champion of Connecticut, proposes to establish a billiard room on Main street, Hartford, over the office of the American Telegraph Co., of which he is the superintendent. There will be eight Standard American tables in the room, and no liquors. Being a disciple of Father Matthew, Mr. Hubbell has, we hope wisely, determined to open a public billiard room for temperance people. Moreover, he thinks he can keep it open, especially as it will be under the patronage of the Charter Oak Base Ball Club, with whom Mr. H. co-operates as pitcher.

NO TIDINGS OF LOUIS FOX.—The family of this player, whose disappearance on the 4th ult. has already been mentioned by us, have received no tidings of him. A reward has been offered for his body; and, in order that it may be more speedily identified, the *Billiard Cue* for January contains a "counterfeit presentment" of the man.

TABLES FOR CLUB ROOM.—The Manhattan Club, of this city, have secured three Phelan & Collender tables for their rooms at the corner of Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue. From the same makers the Harmonic Club have procured four tables for their new quarters in West Forty-second street.

NEW ROOM IN CINCINNATI.—On the 24th ult., the St. Lawrence billiard room, which is superbly fitted up, and contains eighteen of Balke's tables, was opened near the corner of Fourth and Vine streets, Cincinnati.

THEATRICAL CRITICS.

A List of the London (Eng.) Dramatic Censors.

Although to the outside world but little is known of the manner of men who believe themselves created, *par excellence*, to criticise every play and every person in the dramatic firmament, there are those inside the ring who are perfectly familiar with them and all their works, not only on this side of the gulf but on the other also. Of the American *coterie* we shall have nothing to say at present, but believe that, in referring to the dramatic critics of the principal London journals, we are giving something which our theatrical friends, not posted, will read with some interest.

John Oxenford, who writes for the "Thunderer," is a man of learning and a good judge of dramatic wares; he also writes the dramatic criticisms, as well as those famous articles on naughty French plays and books which occasionally appear in the *Saturday Review*. He may always be seen on first nights in a solitary box, shunning all society, but particularly that of ladies, whose small talk he holds in abhorrence. He is famous among the box attendants for refusing all refreshment during the progress of a piece, however late it may detain him; but he will not write an article until he has been home, and, as the saying is, "slept upon it."

John Hollingshead and Moy Thomas represent the *Daily News*. The former also writes for the *London Review*, and occasionally for *Punch*, and is, perhaps, the plainest and most outspoken of the theatrical critics. Managers hate him accordingly; and his recent evidence before the Parliamentary committee in favor of "free trade in the drama" has served to widen the breach. Moy Thomas would, perhaps, be a good critic if he had any sympathy with the stage, and was not fond of theorizing and philosophizing. He is more at home in writing about the finances of Europe and America, and feels in the theatre like a fish out of water.

The *Daily News* prides itself in always having its criticisms out the next morning, however late the performance. The *Telegraph* sends E. L. Blanchard, who writes farces and pantomimes; the *Morning Star*, Leicester Buckingham. This gentleman is a great adaptor from the French, criticises his own plays, and always proves to his own satisfaction that the adaptation is better than the original. Buckingham is, perhaps, the most ecstatic of all the Metropolitan critics, and is, as may be supposed, on good terms with the managers. Every actress is in his eyes divine—her "facial expression," her "emotional power," etc., all that can be desired; consequently, if any brother critic lags behind in raptures of this kind, Buckingham always takes up the cudgel and calls his critical brother "a cowardly assailant," or a "dastardly attacker of a lady's reputation." So much for Buckingham.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* critic is G. H. Lewes, who is thoroughly independent, though crochetty; and sometimes Sutherland Edwards, author of novels and books about music and the Russian people.

The *Examiner* critic is its editor, Henry Morley, professor of literature in King's College, London, and author of many well known works. He has lately reprinted a volume of his dramatic notices. He is one of the most independent of his class—knows little, however, about the stage, though much about dramatic literature, English and foreign.

The *Athenæum* critic is John Herand, a writer of ponderous epics, unactable plays, and transcendental books about Shakespeare and other subjects. His criticisms have no weight, and he is sometimes replaced by Dr. Doran, who has the advantage of not being a play writer or adapter, but who is so fond of telling you all about the history of the theatre, and the play, and what old players played in it (if it is an old one), that he always finds himself compelled to omit to criticise the matter in hand for want of space.

T. G. Tomlins, a man also learned in theatrical lore, and one of the most active of those who procured the abolition of our old patent theatres some thirty years since, represents the *Morning Advertiser*, and occasionally the *Reader*.

T. W. Robertson, successful author of the comedies of "Ours," "Society" and "David Garrick," writes for the *Illustrated Times*; Charles Dumphy for the *Morning Post*, and Desmond Ryan, a wonderful critic, who once elaborately criticised a performance of Madame Bosio's three days before it took place, for which surprising feat, however, an unappreciating editor suspended him for a while from his duties. Such is the list of London dramatic writers. They deserve to be known, for if there be any truth in the opinions of the late Leigh Hunt on the possible power of conscientious dramatic criticism, they are in no small degree responsible for the degraded condition of the British drama.

CULLYCABASE RANGERS.—This is the style and title of a fresh organization of fantastical targetists, composed of sturdy young fellows from Ward 4, having at their head Billy Suppel, with the little Nonpareil, Dick Hollwood, and the Scientific Dick Dorney as aides-de-camp, backed up by about forty more of the same material. They held their first annual excursion on Xmas, and their appearance, attired in all sorts of comical and grotesque costumes, representing almost every nationality under the sun, from the fur-clad denizens of the frozen regions to the parboiled residents of a warmer clime, combined with the strains of the band (not Dodworth's) which broke upon the frosty air in discord sublime, created no little sensation along the route to the isle of Staten, where they passed the day in a very jolly manner. In the evening they had a grand *bal masque* at the Shakespeare Hotel, where all present enjoyed themselves hugely, and, to cap the climax, on the evening of the 27th ult., they gave an unctuous chowder at their headquarters, the Excelsior Shades, Oliver and Henry streets, which was beautifully decorated with evergreens in true Christmas fashion. About two hundred partook of the good cheer provided, and all voted the C. R.'s genuine bricks.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. W. WHITMAN.—You may think us over particular, but better so than recklessness. Your money received, and the book is done up, but we are in such doubt about your address that we withheld it, awaiting advices. A "Cochrane" is too rare and valuable a volume to risk its loss. Are you at Harvard University?

S. BOYKIN, Macon.—The required position and solution turned up when we least expected it, and both were at once forwarded.

JOHN D. MCLEAN.—Yours of the 1st inst. came to hand on the 20th! Tourney problems and book forwarded by return mail. See "Phanla's" rise.

CHAS. C. BARNES.—Will you have the kindness to forward us a copy of T. Smith's problem we sent you, and the solution? Our copy appears to have got lost.

J. C. ROMEYN.—For your kind compliance in behalf of Herr Loewenthal we thank you. Your own name, office and address we had already forwarded. The publication you name we have never seen.

E. R. BLANCHARD, Boston.—We thank you very heartily for the compliment of selecting us as an antagonist, and choosing the agreeable opening you have done; but precarious health and all the duties we dare assume at present forbid our accepting.

OUR TOURNEY COMMITTEE.—The fate of the fourteen final competitors is now fairly in the hands of J. D. Janvier, Edward H. Courtenay, Chas. C. Barnes, and John D. McLean, Esqs., with a possible recurrence to Wm. Horner, Esq., as umpire. We should, of course, be delighted to have the decisions in so as to announce a New Year's trophy to the winner.

OUR PROBLEM.—The exquisitely finished and beautiful position we give this week has produced so much interest and correspondence as an Enigma, that we now give it more conspicuously, and in two or three weeks will satisfy the incredulous ones that it can be done, by giving the solution. *Nota bene.*

Enigma No. 560.

This masterpiece of Chess strategy is the frontispiece of Healey's volume of problems.

"THE CHARM."

at Q B 2, K R 5, Q 8, K 3, Q R 4, K Kt 2d.

at Q 5, Q R 2, Q B 4, K B sq, Q R 4, Q B 6, Q 4, K R 2d, and a Black P at K Kt 2d.

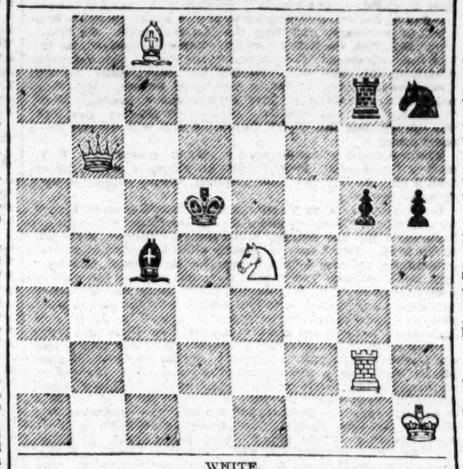
White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 560.

"Give me light or hide me."

BY T. SMITH, ESQ.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 560.

The tenth *partie* of the Steinitz-Bird match.—*London News.*

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. Bird.	Defence, Herr Steinitz.	Attack, Mr. Bird.	Defence, Herr Steinitz.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	22..K B × R	B × Q Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	23..Q × Q B	Kt × B P
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	24..Q × Kt P	Kt × K R
4..Q × Q 2d P	Q Kt-B 3	25..Q × R P	Kt-Q B 4
5..K B-Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	26..P-Q Kt 4	K Kt-K 5
6..K B × Kt	Q B × B	27..K-Q Kt 2	Q R-K sq
7..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	28..Q R-Q 3	Q R-K 2
8..Q B-Kt 5	K B-K 2	29..Q-R 6	K-his B 2
9..Castles, Q R	Castles	30..Q-her 5	Q-K B 3 +
10..P-K R 3	K R-K sq	31..P-Q B 3	Kt-K B 7
11..K R-K sq	P-K R 3	32..Q R-Q 2	K Kt-K 5
12..B-K R 4	K Kt-Q 2	33..R-Q B 2	P-K Kt 3
13..Q B × B	Q × Q B	34..P-Q R 4	P-Q B 4
14..K Kt-B 2	Kt-Q B 4	35..P-Q Kt 5	P-Q B 5
15..P-K B 3	P-K B 4	36..K Kt-Q 4	Kt-Q B 4
16..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-K B 2	37..P-Q R 5	Q-K B sq (*b*)
17..P-K 5 (*a*)	K Kt-K 3	38..Q × Q P	Kt-Q 6 +
18..Q-her B 4	Kt-K B sq	39..K-R 2 (*c*)	Kt-B 8 +
19..P-K B 4	Q R-Q 2	40..R-Kt sq	K Kt-Q 6
20..K Kt-B 3	Kt-his 3	41..Q R-K 2, and Mr. Bird wins.	
21..P-K 6	K B × P		

(*a*) Best! Mr. Bird has now a manifest advantage in position, and he maintains it tenaciously.

(*b*) This move is part of an exceedingly clever device by which the Defence hoped to turn the tables on his foe.

(*c*) Luckily for Mr. Bird, he saw and avoided the trap prepared for him. Had he moved the K to Q R 3d, Herr S. would have played R to Q R 2d, and scored the game.

CHEQUERS.

Take Notice.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS

Are not to be had for a few days. Due notice will be given as soon as copies of the new edition are ready for delivery. 21-tf

Game No. 36.---Vol. XIV.

A winter evening's skirmish between Messrs. Stafford and Betts.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mr. S.	White. Mr. B.	Black. Mr. S.	White. Mr. B.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	19..28 to 32	8 to 4
2..15 22	25 18	20..32 28	31 27(*c*)
3..8 11	29 25	21..3 7	19 15
4..4 8	25 22	22..2 6	4 8
5..12 16	24 20	23..6 9(*d*)	13 6
6..10 15	21 17(*a*)	24..1 19	27 24(*e*)
7..8 12	17 13	25..19 23	26 19
8..7 10	27 24	26..7 11	8 15
9..9 14	18 9	27..12 16(*f*)	19 12
10..5 14	24 19	28..28 10	12 8
11..15 24	28 19	29..10 15	30 26
12..14 17	32 28	30..21 25	26 22
13..17 21	22 17(*b*)	31..25 30	22 17
14..11 15	20 11	32..15 18	17 13
15..15 24	28 19	33..18 14	8 3
16..10 14	17 10	34..39 26	3 7
17..6 24	28 19	35..26 22, and wins.	
18..24 28	11 8		

(*a*) This opening is given by Joshua Sturges, but may be original with "any other man." (*b*) White's game is lost by this move. (*c*) This holds his sable majesty in check for the moment, but he will soon be heard from. (*d*) The "beginning of the end." (*e*) Vain hope. (*f*) And "darkness" prevails.

Solution of Position No. 65.--Vol. XIV.

CHALLENGE TO UNCLE NED, OF BROOKLYN.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..18 to 22	5 to 14	4..22 to 13	30 to 26
2..15 10	14 7	5..13 17	26 23
3..2 11	21 17	6..11 15, and draws.	

Solution of Position No. 66.--Vol. XIV.

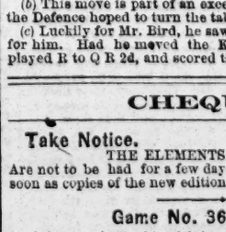
BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..20 to 16	19 to 10	3..6 to 31, and wins.	
2..2 6	12 19		

Position No. 67, Vol. XIV. Position No. 68, Vol. XIV.

BY UNCLE NED.—END-GAME.

BLACK.

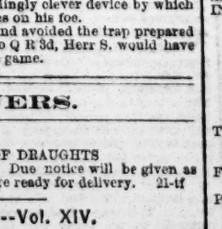


WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

STANDARD WORKS FOR SPORTSMEN, sent post paid.—The Angler's Guide, 12mo., cloth, illus., $1.75; Dead Shot, the Sportsman's Own Book, 12mo., illus., $1.75; Berriman's Sword Play, 12mo., illus., $1; Complete Angler, by Isaac Walton, 12mo., illus., $2.25. MORTIMER POND, East Winsted, Conn. 39-1t*

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City Summary.

MONDAY, December 31, '66.

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL! It is like parting with a tried and valued friend to bid adieu to you. Good old chap, you have carried us on through good report and through evil report; you have left us high and dry, at times, on a shoal, but how much oftener have you steered us clear of all dangers; you have been too short for those who, like yourself, are nearing the end of the outgoing tide; and you have been too long for those who are just coming upon life's stage of action; in your short career you have played many important parts, and done a heap of work; in a little while, old friend, you will have been swallowed up in eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. You leave us at a very critical point in our history, and if such as you have the privilege of thinking over matters, in the unknown land, it will be a source of anxiety to you as to how we got out of the snarl, if we *do* get out of it; and how your illustrious successor will make out with all that unfinished business you have left upon his hands. But let the dead past bury its dead, whatever that means, and the live future take care of the living. Every thing must have an end; it's but a question of time, as well as a timely question; we must all take the leap from time into eternity, sooner or later. But what's the use of throwing it up to the reader? He or she knows all about it, and so we'll once more say "Old Year, Farewell."

POETRY BY "OUR JIM."

Old Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-six,
You leave us in rather an awkward fix;
But Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-seven,
We firmly trust, will make things even;
But if it *shouldn't*, why then we'll wait
For Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-eight;
By which time, good friends, your ways must mend,
For fear (as another poet so truthfully informs us) "the gallows may be your end."

New Year, we welcome you, and extend to you the high honor of the freedom of the city. Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-seven, permit us to make you acquainted with the readers of the CLIPPER. Readers of the CLIPPER, shake. Young chap, you've got a tough job before you; and should you succeed in harmonizing the many conflicting principles and interests that meet you at the threshold, you will have surmounted greater difficulties than those which occasionally puzzle the gentleman who superintends the tower at Lundy's Lane, and who regales his visitors with a history of the battle which took place at that point. If you are an American, he gives Gen. Scott the credit of the victory. If you are of the opposite persuasion, then he makes the Britishers carry all before them. Occasionally the "old soldier" is unable to "discriminate;" in such case he makes it a "draw." And that puts us in mind of a little story which a celebrated character is in the habit of telling wherever he goes. Says he—"An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney and brought down the Frenchman. 'When I tell this story in France,' pleasantly adds the narrator, 'I make the *Englishman* go up the chimney.'" But all this has nothing to do with the New Year. "Our Jim" will glorify your incoming in verse:

HAIL, 1867.

A hunky boy was the old year, and a hunky boy are you,
Long may you wave in the land of the brave, and a hop de doo den doo.
When you've been here for just one year, and a hop de doo den doo,
You've no more days to spend our ways, and then good-bye to you.
Then welcome to the hunky boy of eighteen sixty-seven—
And may our lucky numbers be, 4, 44, and 'leven.

Too much turkey-stuffing has thrown "Jim" off a trifle, or his verses would be more original.....Friends, you mustn't expect much fun from us *this* week. We make calls to-morrow; our list is a yard and a half long, closely written; at each place we will be expected to say something original—tell a funny joke—sing a comic song—or recite a poem. You see what a task we have before us. We can't ring in any *old* stuff, because they've all "been there." We used to flatter ourself that *we* were the great magnet, but we don't think so any more; it's our sayings and songs and recitations that the women care for; it's so with a great many other distinguished people—what would the clumsy Brignoli do at a party without his mouth organ, or what the organ grinder without his hand organ? It isn't ourselves, fellow distinguished sufferers, that the cognoscenti care for; no, no, it is our doings, our performances, our "influence." Strip us of these things, etc., and what young girl would look at us? But enough of this. We have an abundance of good things in pickle for those favored by us with a call. Here is a conundrum that we expect will make a big hit: "Why are the ladies and their well filled tables so much alike to-day?" "Because they all have calves, feet, *jolli jambes*, etcetera." [*Explanation*—Calves' feet jelly, jams, etcetera.] Here's another that ought to make a sensation: "Why is this wine like the ladies here assembled?" "Because it's young and sweet." [*Note*—The reader will perceive that it's a compliment to the ladies at the expense of the wine.] For a recitation, we have composed a new "Sailor Boy's Dream," taking care to preserve the boy from a watery grave; also, newly adapted "My Name is Norval" to present exigencies, etc. We have also constructed a well meaning comic song for the purpose of creating a little merriment. We give one verse as a specimen:

COMIC SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Come all my well-fed visitors and listen to my song,
'Tis of a youth of twenty springs, we won't detain you long;
A circus clown was this young man, I'd have you all to know,
And this is how the funny chap come for to join the show:
Chorus—And this is how, and so forth.

From this the reader will perceive the treat in store for the favored ones. So for the present, we'll cease up on the artificial, and come to the realities.

CHRISTMAS DAY was all that our managers could desire, being clear, cool, and holiday like. The result was that at *matinees* and evening performances, all places of amusement were crowded, and managers were made doubly happy thereby. Theatre, circus, museum, minstrel hall, variety show, all were alike liberally patronized; the churches, even, had a fair attendance. Christmas was truly a God send to many.

"OURS," the new play at Wallack's, has made a favorable impression, and is running pleasantly. How could it be otherwise, performed as it is, and so splendidly put on the stage? If Wallack's does not have good houses in future it will be owing to no fault of "Our's."

SALLIE HINCKLEY'S leg piece has obtained a better footing since our last, and we are glad to have it in our power to chronicle a decided improvement for the better in the character of the audiences which now assemble at the New York Theatre to witness the grand spectacle of "Cendrillon." Brother Smyth with a fly was present on the evening of December 23d, and in his sermon the following day on his speciality, "The Two Naked Truths," he openly expressed the opinion that he preferred "Cendrillon" to the "Black Crook." Most certainly in the former piece there is a more lavish display of those limbs wherein does rest the human form divine, and in viewing the play, this sea of legs has not been lost upon our brother's vision, whose holy see took in the sight at one fell swoop. And talking about legs, and the value of those not made of bran, we see by late European advices that Lord Fife, a Scotch earl, who gave Madame Vestris a thousand guineas to allow a cast to be taken of her leg, is dead; and since his death the cherished leg was sold for half a crown. But the legs that Sallie Hinckley has cast for the new play, including her own symmetrical pair, can be seen for less than a thousand guineas, as brother Smyth will attest. We visited the New York Theatre on the 26th, and found a large audience in attendance—a quiet, orderly assemblage, with none of that rough element in its composition which came nigh damning the play during the first week of its representation; we were also pleased to see a large number of ladies present. "Cendrillon" is now running smoothly and satisfactorily to manager and patrons; there is really nothing in the spectacle to offend the most prurient taste, but much to please. The costumes are certainly gorgeous to behold, the tableaux are of "peculiar interest," and the colored lights most brilliantly illume the whole. At times the dialogue is a little tedious, but when the legs walk in we forget all about it. "Cendrillon" will be continued until further notice.

MARETZAK'S Italian Opera at Winter Garden was not very well patronised during the past week. Somehow or other the operagoers imagine that they cannot show off to such advantage in a theatre as in an "Academy of Music," and so they absent themselves from the former. Max closed his season on the 29th Dec.

BARNEY WILLIAMS and wife were to have commenced, by contract, an engagement at Niblo's Garden a short time since. This engagement was entered into by Mr. Wheatley before he had any idea of the success of the "Black Crook." To have withdrawn the "Crook" and put on the Williamses would not only have been throwing away a certainty for an uncertainty, but would have forever and at once damned the run of the "Crook." A compromise was made, by which Barney agreed, on receipt of a few thousand dollars, to [illegible] ngagement until next September. Everything [illegible] ettled.

BEN.

"THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN," a new drama from the French, by Watts Phillips, was presented, for the first time, at the Olympic Theatre at the matinee on Christmas afternoon. What Phillips' prevailing idea in his adaptation we cannot say; but if his intention was to produce an effective drama, likely to hold possession of the stage for any length of time, he has made a failure of it, for the "Huguenot Captain" scarcely possesses an element of success which is not characteristic of every common place sensational drama, the success of which is based upon showy costumes and gaudy scenic effects. The programme of this "grand spectacular drama" is very elaborately descriptive of the attractive features of the piece. It is from no fault of Mr. Grover, or his assistants on the stage and behind the scenes, that the drama does not come up to the standard aimed at, for it has been handsomely placed upon the stage, both as regards the strong cast of performers and the very handsome costumes and beautiful scenery. But the play itself is mediocre in the extreme. In plot it is as inconsistent as the poorest of the French dramas, and in language sickly with sentimentality. In the very scenes which might be elaborated advantageously it is brief and pointless, and in dull, stupid dialogue scenes it is fearfully tedious. For instance, in the second act, which is supposed to introduce the Bohemians in their sports and dances, a ten minutes exhibition suffices; while in the interviews between Reve and Gabrielle, in the third act, the most stupid of dialogues is prolonged to a tedious length. The plot, such as it is, is as follows:—One Rene de Pardillon (cleverly performed by Mr. C. Barron), a Huguenot Captain in the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre, has rescued from death Gabrielle, the niece of a noble Catholic lady, but not learning her name, and being in love with her, he seeks her in Paris at the risk of his life. While in a cabaret—the first scene of the play—he becomes involved in a quarrel with Hector De Savigny, a young noble who tries to abduct one of the fair Bohemians, and as Rene defends the girl a fight ensues, and Hector falls wounded and is carried away as dead. Rene escapes from the punishment of fighting a duel with a Catholic by jumping into the river, and after another escape on the bridge finds himself entering the room of the Duchess Jeanne, Hector's mother—admirably personated by Miss Harris—who, after hearing his story, gives her word of honor to save him while under her roof. The pursuers seek him there, and then it is that the Duchess learns that she has saved the life of her son's murderer. She holds to her word, however, but afterwards makes it her aim to capture Rene. In the meantime, Rene discovers his love to be Gabrielle, the niece of the Duchess. The rest of the play is merely a series of escapes made by Rene, that of his getting out of prison being made quite a farce of by the manner in which it is performed. In the last act the fact is discovered that Hector did not die, and all finally ends satisfactorily, Rene marrying Gabrielle, &c. One of the features of the performance is Stoddard's drunken Sergeant, a well sustained personation. Miss Morton makes a very handsome and energetic Bohemian, and another noteworthy feature of the representation is the very effective chorus. Young America appears on stilts, and so does Miss Carson, as far as her manner of acting is concerned. She is as artificial as ever. Hind appears to advantage as the Doctor. Quite a Bowery audience was present at the *matinee*, the promise of a sort of "Black Crook" display by the *ballet of* Zingaras attracting a crowd of the admirers of the leg drama. The music was in Baker's usual style, and the scenery very attractive. The second act wants extending and the third cutting, to make it run smoothly.

"1967." We all know what was going on one hundred years ago, but how few of us can foretell what will be our status one hundred years hence. Some now living in affluence, with horses, and drivers and footmen to tote them down town to their work, may have to sweep the streets for a living in 1967. Who knows? Probably you may be let into a thing or two concerning coming events by dropping in at the Broadway Theatre this evening, or any evening during the week, and witness John Owens' new play called "Chloroform, or New York in 1967," in which John O. will appear in a new character, he having laid Solon Shingle and the Live Indian on the shelf. Since the Britishers altered the "People's Lawyer" to suit their own ideas, old Solon has not done very well on this side. In addition to "Chloroform"—which will, no doubt, soothe, but, we hope, not put to sleep the audiences at the Broadway—the play of the "Victims" will be given.

OWING TO THE severe snow storm which prevailed on the 27th, the benefit intended to be given to Mr. Lingard, of the Winter Garden, had to be postponed. Due notice will be given at the time fixed for the deferred testimonial.

"THE BLACK CROOK" is still sufficiently attractive to draw large audiences, although since "Cendrillon" made its appearance at the New York Theatre there is not that rush that was formally noticed. The dancing, the display of female loveliness, the strange effects and scenic splendors never fail to elicit the most rapturous tokens of approbation. Nothing could be more suitable for the festive season than this festive "Crook."

A FAKIR up town is giving feats of magic, and among them is one representing a "head in the air," as Mr. Hartz calls it. This is but the old ghost illusion worked up in a new form. The head seen by the audience is but the reflection, by means of strong lights, and glasses on the stage, of the head of an assistant beneath the surface of the stage. It's nothing but the worn out mirror ghost business.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM has been overrun with visitors since our last. It is said that full *fifteen thousand persons* attended the Museum on Christmas day and evening. The money left with the treasurer by this immense gathering would serve to fit out many a first class pie shop, or enable the possessor to ride in his own carriage. A more happy and amused set of people we do not remember to have ever seen before, and, barring the crush which inevitably attends mass gatherings, they all seem to have got the full worth of their money. This week we may look for another outpouring, or ingoing, for our friends from the country will be here in force to participate in our New Year calls, and the Museum will be *their* first stopping place, sure. Van Amburgh's great collection of living animals may be seen at this establishment. Feeding time, 7¾ P. M., sharp.

RISTORI is doing tolerably well at the little French Theatre, but the prices are a little lofty for even those who affect the foreign school of dramatic art, and some "peper hanging" is done to keep up appearances.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS will keep open house, and receive visitors all this week. They have prepared many good things for the entertainment of callers, and nothing will be left undone to ensure the highest degree of pleasure to all who leave their cards at the house of Birch, Bernard, Backus and Wambold.

VALENTINE VOUSDEN, called the Polynational Mimic, is giving entertainments to small but unappreciative audiences at Clinton Hall.

DRAMATIC AGENTS are kept pretty busy in this city, and among the most popular is the firm of Conner & Co. Lines in their honor:—

Now here's the great Conner—factotum and agent
Will furnish you quick with the means for a pageant;
He will sell you good plays,
At the cheapest of rates—
You won't find them so good
If you search all your days
O'er the United States.

THERE HAS been some discussion going on about the walls of the Academy of Music, and the result will no doubt be the strengthening of that important part of the building. But it is laughable to read some of the suggestions made by the press. One journal thinks that the building should be iron clad, in order to guard against fire. It is but a few weeks since that the famous iron clad frigate, New Ironsides, was totally destroyed by fire in the Delaware river, near Philadelphia. What have the iron clad theorists to say to this?

PUTS ON HAIRS.—That man, Paul De Spotte, is not proud, neither is he despotic, although he is continually putting on hairs, as a Cockney would say, in the shape of wigs of all descriptions, either professional or for private dress. Those who have no wool on the spot where it ought to grow should get one of Paul's wigs, as they tend to improve the appearance muchly.

WELL FIXED.—One of the managers of a Broadway theatre was recently startled to learn that a lady had just arrived in this country claiming him as her husband. He has been living here for some time as a bachelor. He tried every way to effect a compromise, but the lady had already fallen into the hands of the lawyers, who discovered that he was enjoying the charms of two others of the fair sex. The affair promises to be a lively one, as the lawyers think they can produce evidence of his having been married twice in this city.

THE PRIZE DRAMA "True to the Core," also, a new English drama and Historical plays, are advertised for sale by H. C. Husted in another column.

THE FOURTEENTH STREET CIRCUS is enjoying a succession of good houses. During Christmas week performances were given every afternoon and the same will be repeated this week, affording parents and guardians excellent opportunities for giving the little folks under their charge a sight of the exciting and wonder-inspiring feats that Manager Lent has provided for their especial delectation. No grown person can enjoy the sports of the arena like a child. The horses, the ponies, the riders, the gymnasts, and above all, the clowns, seen through juvenile eyes, are invested with a charm which causes the entertainment to appear to them like a glimpse of fairy land. But in the varied and attractive programme presented at this establishment for the current week "children of a larger growth" will find much that will astonish and delight them, as it brings into requisition the entire strength of the full and talented troupe connected with the building.

MANAGERS in other cities than New York wishing to produce the popular spectacle of "Cendrillon," the same as now being performed by Sallie Hinckley and her *corps* of coryphees at the New York Theatre, should make application for the same to Wm. P. Hurd, as instructed in advertisement in another column.

A NOVEL AND AMUSING PERFORMANCE was that given at the Winter Garden Theatre on the evening of Dec. 29. It consisted of Shakespeare's tragedy of "Othello," with two of the greatest stars in the dramatic world in the leading *roles*. Mr. Bogumil Dawison, a popular German tragedian, who lately arrived in this country, appeared as Othello to Edwin Booth's Iago. Mr. Dawison spoke in German, while Mr. Booth articulated in his mother tongue, pure English. To heighten the effect and novelty of the different scenes, Mme. Methna Scheller seemed something akin to the double voiced lady, for in all her scenes with Mr. Dawison she spoke in German; and in the same scene, while conversing with Emelia, she would instantly change to the English language. The novelty of such a performance drew one of the most fashionable, crowded and critical audiences we have ever seen together. Long before the curtain rose there was not a chance for a standee to get a sight of the stage. The aisles were crowded, and from the upper tier to the parquet there was a perfect sea of heads. The audience was about equally divided between the German and American population. Among his own countrymen Mr. Dawison is doubtless considered a great artist, but we cannot accord him that honor after witnessing his impersonation of Othello, which was a whimsical exhibition, although portions of it displayed that erratic genius which, like light, shines awhile on some object, and then darkens it with a cloud. He is volatile—flippant, at times great, at others falling below mediocrity. He depends on his declamatory powers altogether. These he makes tell, it is true; but they form only a part of the picture. His soliloquies are the most defective portions of his performance. He declaims too much, uses too many gestures, and seems more like one who is "speaking a piece," rather than communing with himself. At times his countenance is wanting in mobility; there is not play enough to it: its expression is too fixed, and his intonations are measured. We should welcome a little more *abandon* of manner. There was a want of harmony, constancy and truth. He seemed too anxious to appear striking in his "points." His figure is not graceful. He stands too much with his knees bent forward, and he walks in a dragging manner, pulling one leg after the other. His sprawling attitudes were extravagant, overdone, and destructive of the true interests of the character. His walk is an ungainly one and not in his favor. In this respect he reminds us of Barry Sullivan, who also cut a ridiculous figure while "measuring his tread upon the mimic stage." Mr. Booth's Iago was a great performance, played throughout in a calm and judicious manner, free from rant or exaggeration, and exceedingly satisfactory to the mind. He seemed to have an intense affinity with the whole moral current of the character, and rendered it with a consistency. He is the fixed, practical villain, ever on the guard to keep the least fear of his scheming into dishonesty. He is the fixed, practical villain, ever on the guard to keep the least fear of his scheming into dishonesty. traying itself through error its ariful mask of fairness. There is a sympathetic power in this actor which fetters him *en rapport* with the audience since he commands interest from the moment of his appearance and secures it to himself to the last. Whatever he does is closely watched, and his slightest action has its due effect. Mr. Scheller was one of the best Desdemonas we have seen for many a day. She was interesting, tender and pathetic. Her acting was characterized by naturalness, ease and great simplicity. A word, a look, a gesture often unfolded a world of meaning and seemed full of electricity. She has no need of theatrical art or petty affectations. Her position in this character was that of trying one for an actress, for in the same scene on several occasions she would address Othello in the German tongue and, to Emelia and converse in the English. It was a difficult undertaking, but she succeeded admirably, and was deservedly applied and called before the curtain several times. During the progress of the tragedy, Messrs. Booth and Dawison were repeatedly called before the curtain, and it was laughable to see the feeling divided, as it was, between the two tragedians. No sooner was one favorite answered the call than the other was called for. Taken altogether, it was a great performance, and from its novelty, if nothing else, is sure of another large house whenever repeated.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Mingard—and their name is legion—are straining every nerve to recompense him, as far as it lays in their power, for the great loss sustained by him in the destruction of the New Bowery Theatre, whose going down took with it nearly every dollar that the manager could call his own. It has not only deprived him of his all, which he has worked hard for years to accumulate, but has left him with his light hid under a bushel, and no place for once more battle with dame fortune, as it has been fully determined not to rebuild his theatre. We are pleased to record that that the Associate Managers of this city have resolved to assist him in his hour of trial, and have tendered the use of their different establishments for a benefit. Independent of this, friends have formed themselves into a committee of twelve to collect monies to set him on his pins again. The first meeting of this committee took place Sunday evening, Dec. 23d. Mr. James Crute was appointed Secretary, and James A. Flack treasurer. Mr. John Morrissey, who is ever prompt to respond to the distress of his fellow man, subscribed $500 for himself and another $500 for a number of his friends; Messrs. Dennett and Ryan subscribed $400. In addition to this a number of other influential friends have tendered their mite towards this laudable object. A second meeting of the committee was to be held on Sunday evening last, and we trust that the result of their work will prove as fruitful as was the burning of the theatre the reverse to Mr. Lingard.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, after performing in various sections of the country, are to appear in New York again, much to the delight of their numerous admirers in this city. They will commence an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 14th inst.

J. W. LINGARD, whose New Bowery Theatre was recently destroyed by fire, will be the recipient of a benefit at the Old Bowery Theatre on Wednesday evening, Jan. 2d, when such a bill will be presented as cannot fail to draw a crowded audience, aside from the claims of the beneficiaire. Many volunteers will aid in the performances, and altogether we may look for a big affair. Mr. Fox is deserving of all praise for the manner in which he has come forward with his company and theatre to assist those who suffered by the fire.

DAN BRYANT, who has for concluded a number of engagements in the West, is in the city at present, preparing for another start out. On Monday next, Jan. 7th, he is to open an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburg, which is now under the control of Manager Henderson, who also holds the lease of the theatre. Mr. Bryant is steadily improving, and all that is wanting to place him in the front rank is hard work and careful study for a year or two.

EDWIN BOOTH has the Winter Garden to himself this week, the opera company having closed there on the 28th; he will appear in a variety of characters, supported by Mad. Methua, Barton Hill, Gotthold, etc.

HETTIE DE LEE, a pretty young actress, who has recently come before the public in the Eastern States, is at present in the city. Miss De Lee appears in such characters as Camille, Fanchon, etc. She will shortly resume her star engagements.

BUDWORTH'S MINSTRELS produce their laughable "New Year's Calls" this and every evening during the week, introducing a snow storm, skating pond, etc. Many new songs and acts are on the current programme, which is one of the best ever offered at the Fifth Avenue Opera House. No doubt the Budworth troupe will receive their full share of "New Year's Calls."

MISS CARRIE AUSTIN, who does the "Lightning Zouave Drill" in style, puts in an appearance this evening at Charley White's. Dick Ralph also joins this happy throng. Charley White's burlesque, "The Streets of New York," will make one of the most enjoyable attractions at this establishment during New Year's week.

THE BENEFIT which took place at the Old Bowery Theatre on Dec. 28th, for the members of the New Bowery Theatre, who lost nearly all their wardrobe, as well as being thrown out of a situation at a bad time of the season by the destruction of the theatre by fire, was a success. Performances were given in the afternoon and evening. The amount of money taken at the box office for the two performances was $780,04. Outside tickets sold $800,06—total, $1061,00. From this was deducted $65,16 for the services of the orchestra and stage carpenters of the theatre for the afternoon performance only, every one giving his and her gratuitous services as well as the free use of the theatre for the evening performance. Mr. Rahn Beadle and another gentleman were appointed to distribute the tickets among the actors and actresses. The principal performers received 45 per cent on their salary, and the minor people, including the ballet, 20 per cent. A margin of 35 per cent was then made for a second divi. This will no doubt prove satisfactory to all.

MANAGER GROVER deserves success for his efforts in a managerial capacity. He begins the New Year by reducing the prices of admission to the Olympic, fifty cents being the charge for either parquet, dress circle or balcony, with 25 cents extra for reserved places; and one dollar for orchestra chairs; family circle, 30 cents. Two plays are given nightly, viz: "The Huguenot Captain," with his new scenery, costumes, novel effects, etc., and "The Irish Lion."

MR. THOMAS WARD, a name known and respected by a host of the residents on the East side of the town, particularly in the neighborhood of the New Bowery Theatre, takes a benefit at the Old Bowery Theatre on the 4th inst. Mr. Ward had every dollar he owned in the world invested in the saloons and billiard room of the New Bowery; and its destruction by fire has left him nearly penniless. Only a short time before its destruction he had expended considerable money in fitting up the saloons, and now he is cast upon the world without compass or rudder. His many friends have gotten up this benefit for him, which we trust will prove a benefit in every sense of the word. In addition to all the Bowery Company, Kate Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Benfatce, Little Mac, and George and William Thompson will appear. Let all who have the price of a ticket to spare come forward for Ward.

DAVIS & CO., the well known dramatic and minstrel agents, formerly located in Cincinnati, have now become fully established at No. 497 Broadway, this city, where they have increased facilities for conducting their business promptly and with satisfaction to their patrons. Among other announcements of the firm, in this issue of the CLIPPER, will be found one for a first old man, first old woman, two *danseuses* and a walking lady.

SOMETHING GOOD.—We like to see a performer take the tough and the tender, the fat and the lean, alike good naturedly; and nothing gives us more pleasure than to know that an actor or actress will take a scolding now and then without grumbling, and attribute our strictures to other than base motives. Most performers will stand any quantity of praise; but let us say anything to their dispraise, then better for our parents had we never been born. In last week's CLIPPER, in our "Cendrillon" poem, we alluded to the performance of the part of Prince Charming by Miss Saidee Cole in a *not* very flattering manner; the part in which she was originally cast being Javotte, but owing to certain entangling alliances in which Miss Eliza Newton—cast for Prince Charming—became involved, the Charming Prince had to be taken at short notice by Miss Cole. Instead of getting angry at our remarks, Miss Cole shows the proper spirit by sending us the following nicely written, humorous bit of poetry, (for the lady is very talented otherwise than in the dramatic art) which we consider so good that we have concluded to give our readers a glimpse of it:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 26, 1866.

Well, upon my word, my dear old friend, CLIPPER,
I know not we had such a poet for skipper;
But the muses divine don't alone dwell with you,
For sometimes I mount old Pegasus, too.
How could you such wicked, such cruel things say
About poor "Cendrillon," our beautiful play?
I think of the story of the boys and the frogs,
(That "I'm like an Irishman walking through fogs,")
To write thus about me, e'en if it be true,
Is death to me, though 'tis fine fun for you.
I had studied "Javotte" for weeks nearly five,
And had made up my mind, as I am alive,
To astonish the natives; but the sequel will show
How much of the future we poor mortals know.
I had fixed and had fashioned, with exquisite taste,
Several dresses, with spangles o'er skirt and o'er waist;
But Miss Newton got married and went o'er the sea,
So the part of the Prince came to poor little me;
And, studying the part at the very last minute,
I, of course, didn't know very much that was in it.
Now, I hope for your cruelty (my heart to break),
That next summer you'll get the toughest beef steak,
The stalest of eggs and the sourest of pies,
And lots of somebody's musquitoes and—flies;
May you go to the races and lose all you bet—
And, coming therefrom, may you get soaking wet;
And the worst I can wish you (I know it is shocking)
Is that old Santa Claus didn't fill up your stocking.
Now, I'm somewhat relieved, I'll cease all my strife,
And send my best love to yourself and your wife.
Yours, truly, SAIDEE COLE.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS, in keeping with the times, produce "New Year's Calls" this week, and will be happy to receive as many calls as the public choose to favor them with. Among the laughable things on the bill of fare is that of "Schmitt mit a Y."

THE DRAMATIC AGENCY, at No. 25 West Houston street, of which Frank Rivers & Co. are the proprietors, continues to be the resort of many of the profession desiring engagements, and of managers in search of people. Their business, however, is not confined to residents of this city, for they give a great part of their attention to supplying the wants of both people and managers in other cities, and it is in this respect that the dramatic agency is found to be a most useful institution. For various special announcements from Messrs. Rivers & Co. the profession should be sure to take a look at their advertisements in another column.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" is to be revived at the Museum next week, with Mrs. G. C. Howard in her original character of Topsey.

Dramatic.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, a dramatization of Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was brought out on Christmas Eve. Our correspondent says:—"As a spectacular piece, for mechanical ingenuity and surpassing scenic beauty, it is worthy of all praise. The last scene, especially, not only reflects the highest credit upon the gifted artist who executed it—Mr. Charles S. Getz—but has been pronounced by competent judges of New York, who witnessed it on Christmas night, to equal in sublimity and grandeur the great 'Black Crook' scene, which is (though deservedly) a high compliment to native talent. This piece has kept the boards throughout the week, and on each evening there has been a perfect jam. It will, however, be withdrawn after Saturday, 29th, and on Monday, 31st, Max Maretzek's Italian Opera troupe appear in 'Crispino e la Comare.' On Tuesday evening, Jan. 1st, the new opera of 'Zampa,' the Marble Bride,' and on Wednesday, 'Il Trovatore' will be given. The renowned artist, troupe comprises, besides Ronconi, the world-famed, Senoras Poch, Natali Testa and Signors Testa, Bellini, Antonucci, etc."

AMY STONE'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION is traveling through the Eastern towns. On the 14th inst. they commence a lengthy stay at Bridgeport, Conn.

F. S. CHANFRAU is to be the star next week at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis.

LOTTA was the star attraction last week at the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, opening on Christmas eve in "The Pet of the Petticoats" and "Nan."

LEO HUDSON inaugurated her traveling tour at Providence, R. I., on Dec. 24th, appearing in "Mazeppa," supported by L. E. Barker, G. W. Murray, P. J. Grau, C. Warwick, H. Leon, Fanny Simmons, Kate Frazer, Miss F. Browne, Add Granella and others.

THE WEBB SISTERS were at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, Mich., last week. On Dec. 24th they appeared in "Griffith Gaunt;" 25th, "Panchon;" and 26th, "Pearl of Savoy."

CECILE RUSH is the present star at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich.

W. R. HAYDEN has severed his connection with the Athenæum company, Detroit, Mich., and gone to Louisville, Ky.

FRANK MAYO commenced a brief engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 26th. On the 27th "Jack Cade" was presented. On the 28th Mr. Mayo took a benefit.

ZOE commences a two weeks' stay in Buffalo, N. Y., at the Metropolitan Theatre, on the 6th inst.

CINCINNATI, during the past week, was very lively for managers of theatres, who had a regular harvest. First in the list is Wood's Theatre, where Manager Allen produced the spectacle of the "Ice Witch," brought out after months of careful preparation. It is said to have been placed upon the stage in magnificent style, and to eclipse everything in a scenic way seen in that city for a long time. The scenery, dresses, decorations and paraphernalia are pronounced gorgeous, and the distribution of character and accessories in admirable keeping with the *ensemble*. The transformations are admirably managed, and the entire arrangement reflects credit alike upon the stage manager, scenic artist, costumer, machinist, and the individual who has charge of the properties.....At the National, "Cherry and Fair Star" was the *piece de resistance*, which is said to have been gotten up with pains and effect.

SUSAN DENIN, it is reported, has again taken to herself a husband. Peter Curley is the name of the man who is said to be the present husband of this lady. The marriage is reported as having taken place in Albany, N. Y., on Dec. 24th, at the Delavan House. Here's to the little curley heads.

STRAKOSCH'S OPERA TROUPE was performing at Morrison's Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., during the week ending Dec. 22d. On the evening of the 22d, "Crispino e la Comare" was announced, and three acts only performed. At the close of this act the orchestra bundled up their things and left, without any explanation to the audience. The audience, after sitting a while, came to the conclusion that they had been sold, and also left. Such conduct upon the part of Mr. Strakosch deserves condemnation. The attendance was very slim, but those that were there paid a high price for admission, and the performance should have been finished or the money refunded.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Kate Reignolds has been holding forth, supported by Manager Elsler's company. Our correspondent remarks:—"Usually the announcement of Kate Reignolds on our boards is greeted with crowded houses, but during her recent engagement of two weeks there has been a lack of patronage, excepting the last two nights. On Friday night, Dec. 21st, she took a benefit, when was produced, for the first time this season, 'The Lioness of the North,' Miss Reignolds sustaining the title *role*. During her engagement 'Griffith Gaunt' was on three nights to very poor houses. Miss Reignolds, in the character of Miss Peyton, was exceedingly good. 'Armadale' was also run three nights. On Monday, Dec. 24th, was brought out the 'Naiad Queen,' which will be run for a short season."

EDMUND GOLES was announced to play in Schenectady, N. Y., on New Year's night. From thence he purposes making an extended tour through the New England States, supported by a dramatic company.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON are thus discussed by our correspondent "Novice," under date of December 27:—"Joseph Jefferson's 'Rip Van Winkle,' at the National Theatre, is the talk of the town. The house is nightly filled to repletion, and the enthusiasm, not over Jefferson alone, but the support, increases. Mrs. Meek, as Dame Van Winkle, does not improve one particle—there is no room for it; it is sufficient to know that Mr. Jefferson was so well pleased with her rendition of the part in Baltimore as to request that she be specially engaged to do it here. I was made to say in my last that the children Katie and Willie Younge are the smallest children that have for a long time graced the Washington boards. I desired to say the smartest children. Master Willie gets a nice round of applause when engaged in showing Rip how nicely he can read (the paper Rip *don't* sign). Josephine Tyson does the part of Meenie (in third act) in a thoroughly excellent manner, and Mr. Murdoch continues very clever as Hendrick Vedder. On Christmas afternoon the stock gave 'Taming of the Shrew' and Brougham's 'Pocahontas.' Mr. Pope as Petruchio, and Josephine Tyson as Katherine, were good, but I cannot say as much for any one else. 'Pocahontas' was cleverly given, with Spackman as Powhattan, Murdoch as Smith, and Mrs. Williams as Pocahontas. Mr. Spackman was exceedingly amusing and very clever in his *role*, introducing many local hits, but they were not all seen by the audience. Mr. Murdoch gave an excellent Smith; it would have been an improvement to have omitted the allusion to the Freedmen's and Civil Rights bill. It is true, the audience were loud in their applause; but they did it for the same reason that people laugh in a circus, because others do. The singing of Mrs. Williams was well done, and deserved repeated *encore*. Maretzek's Italian Opera Troupe appear at this house on the 3d of January for a season of eight nights, after which Maggie Mitchell appears.....At Wall's Opera House, the farewell benefit of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, on the 21st, was a nice affair, a beautiful house greeting her to witness her double in 'East Lynne.' Mr. McCollum ably personated the villain Levison, and Frank Lawlor was quite at home as Carlyle. For the last appearance of Mrs. Bowers and Mr. McCollom, the domestic drama, 'Madelaine,' and 'Taming of the Shrew,' were given. Chanfrau appeared on the 24th, presenting 'Sam,' with good support, viz.: Sir Edward Ashton, Mr. Metkiff; George Oropley, Mr. Otis; Bill Crockett, Mr. Varroy; Dick Jenkinsini, Mr. Hale; General Roslyn, Mr. Phillips; Arthur Shaften, Mr. Egbert; Laura Roslyn, Emily Jordan; Emily Cropley, Blanche Grey; Euphemia, Mrs. Grattan; and Blanche Normanfield, Miss Lannier. Each and every part was rendered in an unexceptionable manner, if I may except Mr. Otis, who could not do justice to the part assumed in consequence of having just received the sad news of the decease of a very near relative. On the 28th, Mr. Chanfrau appears as Solon Shingle and Jerry Chip, in the 'People's Lawyer and the 'Widow's Victim.' On the 29th, 'Our American Cousin at Home' will be given. I understand that Messrs. Wallack and Davenport succeed Mr. Chanfrau, after which we have Lester Wallack. I should have mentioned before, that on Christmas afternoon J. K. Mortimer appeared in 'A Bull in a China Shop' and 'Trying It On.'"

TEXAS does not seem to be well disposed towards show people. A correspondent at Galveston, Dec. 20, says:—"Since my last to you Galveston has busted up for the show

Tuesday of next (this) week. Marietta Ravel, Kate Pennoyer, Mary Blake and Kitty Blanchard are to do the dances, with the original music, &c.....'The Peep o' Day' attracts moderate houses at the Museum, and as the cast embraces Shewell, Warren, J. A. Smith, Wallace, Miss Clark and Mrs. Vincent, it is well performed. The scenery, though advertised as new, looks otherwise, but the Black Valley and 'Peep o' Day' scenes are effective.....At the Howard, 'Captain Lascar, or the Pilot of Brest,' is still on the bills. After having a whole set cut out, many other curtailings and considerable addenda, it is much better, and far more attractive than on its first representations. The plot is very shallow, yet some of the characters are well drawn. It savors considerably of Dr. Jones' former productions, though it would compare favorably with but few. The interest of the piece concentrates itself upon Capt. Lascar, and it flags to a certain extent when he is off the stage. Mr. Rich performs the title role excellently, and in some instances with much ability. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. English and Miss Fanny March, Messrs. Hight and Burnett has a particularly congenial part, and performed it with some unction. The scenery is very good, and all nearly new, while the music, dresses and appointments are excellent. The business thus far has been very bad, but gives signs of improvement.....The 'Imp of Darkness' still draws immense houses at the Bonique, and the dances go smoother and better at each repetition."

Miss Fanny B. Price commenced an engagement at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 24th. "Grand Gaun" is underlined.

C. Wilkinson has cases in another part of this paper for a position either as first low comedian or business agent. He also has several manuscript plays for sale.

Miss Fisher opened in Henderson's Theatre, Pittsburgh, on the 24th Dec., with "Mazeppa," to the largest house of the season, and on Christmas they had to close the doors both in the afternoon and evening. On the 26th the house was packed with a very fashionable audience, the larger portion being ladies, our correspondent informs us. The "Cataract of the Ganges" is the next piece, in which Mr. Henderson intends to have real water.

Emilie Melville, succeeded Miss Rush at the Academy, Milwaukee, and opened with the "Little Barefoot," to a slim house, owing principally to the manner in which the stock company have been playing the past few weeks—also being Christmas Eve. But Tuesday evening, 25th, there was a different aspect, the theatre being filled to repletion. On this occasion she produced "Pride of the Market" and "Jenny Lind." Mr. Wallace has supported her in an admirable manner. Messrs. Acker, Duncan and Mitchell have severed their engagements with the company, and joined Macfarland's company at Portage.

Theatricals in Brooklyn improved somewhat last week, the rainy weather proving less objectionable than the cold snap we had the previous week, the fun on the skating ponds being put a stop to for the time being. The Park Theatre did an excellent business on the strength of the Christmas piece of the "Forty Thieves," which has been well placed upon the stage; the scenic effects are in Tyrrell's best style, and he is an able artist. Mrs. Conway has a number of pretty girls in her company, and can make a very handsome feminine display on such occasions..... The veteran comedian, Thos. Placide, appeared at the Academy on Christmas night as Potter in "Still Waters Run Deep," and he was most cordially received. On Friday Booth's "Hamlet" crowded the Academy. It is thought that he might fill the house with "Hamlet" once a week for a month.

John Brougham played with Manager Lowell's company at the New Music Hall, Lowell, Mass., on Dec. 24th, to a good house. .....The Boston Theatre company gave a performance there Christmas night to a crowded house. They played the "Colleen Bawn," with Frank Hardenburgh as Myles na Coppaleen, and Rachael Noah as Eily O'Conner.....Mrs. F. W. Lander was to appear for two nights on Dec. 26th and 27th, in "Adrienne the Actress," and "Masks and Faces," supported by Mr. J. B. Taylor, George Becks, J. B. Curran, Miss Minnie Monk, and Miss Jennie Gourley, with a number of others, from the New York Theatres.

"Aladdin" was the attraction last week at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., with Mollie Williams and Felix Vincent in the cast. Our correspondent "Mose," under date of Dec. 28th, says:—"It has been put upon the stage in good style. The scenery is admirable and the costumes handsome. The management have gone to considerable expense in the production of the piece, and I am glad to be able to congratulate them on the success of their efforts. On Christmas afternoon and evening the Opera House was crowded in every part, and people were turned from the doors. Felix A. Vincent played the part of Kasrac with credit. He went through an incalculable number of traps, as if he had been educated to the business by the Ravels. His make up was excellent, and his comical posturing kept the audience in roars of laughter. Mollie Williams as Aladdin succeeded in bestowing on it a considerable degree of interest. She sang the songs 'Don't be Angry Mother,' and 'See a Suppliant at thy Feet,' exquisitely, and was *encored* twice nightly. Miss Williams' performance would have been more satisfactory had she made better use of her voice. She could hardly be heard in the back part of the house. As regards the principal people, J. F. Breyer as Kazim Azack, and M. M. Haviland as Cham, were respectively good; but the Grand Vizier of W. Barret was decidedly bad. J. W. Shannon's Abanazar, considering that it was taken at short notice (Turner, who was cast for it, being unwell in one sense of the word), was well done. The Chinese dance, in full costume by eight young men, led by Mr. K. Engene, was one of the features of the entertainment. Of the ladies, Emma Hall (her first appearance in this city)—who personated Princess Badour—was evidently suffering from the nervousness consequent upon her first appearance. She has a prepossessing appearance, and was well made up, but is decidedly a novice; the Ching Mustapha of Mrs. La Forrest was a clever performance; while Jennie Cleaver as Amrou, and Mrs. C. Jordan as Zobedie, were acceptable. There was no performance at the Opera House on the 27th on account of the heavy snow storm which visited us and did a damper on outside amusements."

Rather Romantic.—One morning last week the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Troy, N. Y., disappeared. In a short time after it was discovered that she had eloped with a man who was a bottler in her father's soda water establishment. He was so employed during the day, but at night was the second violinist in the orchestra at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y. The father suspecting that something wrong was going on, started immediately for Albany in pursuit. When he reached there, he was pleasantly informed that the lovers had been made man and wife, and that he might as well give his consent and call on the parties. This he refused to do, and departed for home, vowing vengeance on the despoiler of his household. The newly made husband and wife are residing in Albany.

A portion of the Boston Theatre company, with J. B. Booth as acting manager and E. M. Leslie as business agent, gave an afternoon and evening performance at Lowell, Mass., on Christmas, with great success. Misses Rachel Noah and Susie Cluer, Mrs. E. F. Stewart, Mrs. M. A. Marshall, Messrs. F. Hardenbergh, W. M. Leman, W. F. Burroughs, H. L. Bascomb, S. H. Forsberg, J. Scott, J. Taylor, Wm. St. Maur, J. Sullivan, T. Marshall and others were in the cast of "Colleen Bawn."

Mrs. F. W. Lander was at Lowell, Mass., on the 26th and 27th Dec., with a dramatic company, playing "Adrienne" and "Masks and Faces" with indifferent pecuniary success.

N. Hal Holt has a dramatic troupe traveling Massachusetts. He is now in his ninth week, and has met with quite good success.

Helen Western was at Haverhill, Mass., Christmas.

Sol. Yewell, Jr., attached to the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, has dramatized for Manager Riley a three act piece, entitled "A Strange Adventure, or How the Heel of a Strong Man Crushed a Human Viper."

O. A. Miller's Theatrical Troupe is said to be meeting with success in Indiana. At Lafayette, Mrs. Miller played Fanchon on the 25th Dec. and the "Ticket of Leave Man" was given on the 26th; "The Hunchback" the 27th, Mrs. Miller as Julie, Mr. O. A. Miller as Sir Thomas Clifford, and Mrs. R. J. Miller as Helen.

McKean Buchanan and Daughter were at Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 24th, opening in "Richelieu," at the Athenæum. Miss Maggie Mitchell was in opposition at the Opera House.

Miss Emily Thorne succeeded Emily Melville at the Indianapolis Theatre, and betwixt the two Emilies, says our correspondent "Hoosier," "both playing the same *repertoire*, the contrast in their acting is like their figure—one a pretty little actress, the other a large, robust and magnificent woman; both adapt themselves to the present tastes, and make a prodigious display of well developed limbs (legs). Miss Thorne's engagement lasts two weeks. She opened the 24th Dec., with 'Widow's Stratagem.' The 'Pet of the Potticoats' and 'Sixteen String Jack' was her Christmas feast for her admirers. For the rest of the week, she appears as Kathleen Kavanagh in the 'Peep o' Day,' all the company except Mr. Riley being in the cast. .....Max Strakosch's Ghioni and Susini Opera Troupe was in this city the 20th, 21st and 22d. They played the operas of 'Crispino la Comare,' 'L'Africaine,' and 'Il Trovatore.' Their receipts for the three nights amounted to just $1,132 06. Their high rate of admission, $2, was too much for the Hoosiers. The same troupe played two nights in New Albany, Ind., and netted some $1,570 06. They left for Crosby's Opera House, Chicago."

The "Jackwood Dramatic Association" play the "Octoroon" at New Church Hall, North Bridgewater, Mass., on Jan. 1st.

Eloise Bridges is at present stopping at the Central Hotel, Cincinnati, suffering from a severe indisposition.

The Booth Family.—This family at present consists of the widow of the elder Booth; Lucius Junius Booth, the eldest son, at present stage manager of the Boston Theatre; Edwin Booth, the tragedian; Joseph Booth, at present assistant treasurer at the Winter Garden in this city; and two daughters of the elder Booth, one a middle aged lady and unmarried, and the other the wife of John S. Clarke, the comedian. Edwin Booth lost his wife (formerly Mary Devlin), about three years ago, and has one child, a four year old girl, named Edwina.

Miss Rachel Johnson and B. Macauley play an engagement with Bidwell & Browne, at Portland, Maine, commencing Dec. 31st.

The Boston Theatre Company open at Providence, Jan. 14th, for two weeks.

"The Naiad Queen" was produced at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., last week. The "Bath of Beauty" is said to be a fine scene; so is "Venus rising from the Sea"—barring the Venus, which is said to resemble a mermaid. Ada Gray is spoken of as dressing beautifully, and Miss Marden sings well. Everything now works smoothly. The traps flap quickly; the orchestra don't start the wrong tune for the dance, as on the first night; only the star at the flat goes "steady by jerks," like the Irishman's toad. On the 7th of January the company go to Springfield, Mass. On the 20th of Dec. J. Barnes, the second low comedian of the company, was married to Gertrude Lenard, of that city.

John Templeton, of the Vicksburg, Miss., Theatre, has a few weeks open for stars after the 15th of January. Jas. Conner & Co. are his agents.

Circuses.

The Tubis Family, performing at Albisu's Circus, Havana, had their room broken open whilst they were at the circus and robbed of over $3,000 in money and valuables, which had not been recovered at last advices.

Mike Lipman's Circus left Memphis on the 10th for the towns on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad. The show goes under the management of Ted Crouseste. Mike left on the 10th on the steamboat Columbus for Vicksburg, where the show will join him. They take boat up the Red River. Altogether the show made a bad go of it in Memphis.

James Robinson has taken Havana by storm and is receiving a very handsome recompense for his horsemanship. Our correspondent, "Habanero," writing on Dec. 21, says:—"His share for two weeks' performing was over $1,800 in gold; perhaps the biggest salary ever gained by any single performer. His benefit on Thursday evening netted him over $1,500, which will bring his probable gains for his four weeks' engagement to more than $4,500 in gold. Rather a big pile, isn't it?.....Chiarini closed here on Wednesday, the Nelson brothers having a benefit that night. He received several letters asking him to go to Matanzas; and as he has not been there for nine years, and there being no other amusement in the place now, he will make a big pile during the holidays, and after his return here give a few performances, and leave on the 8th of January for Mexico. .....Avery Smith is here, and will go to New Orleans in a few days."

Circus Talk.—In reference to a recent letter from our Havana correspondent, a writer in Havana sends us the following, which may not be uninteresting to our readers: "The writer of the mentioned letter says (speaking of Chiarini and Albisu's circuses), 'what is wanting in one is very abundant in the other,' and also that Albisu's company is well provided in comic acts and poor in stock of horses. This point is what I wish to contradict, and would ask your informant if in Chiarini's Circus are better pad horses than those of Lucy Watson and Frank Pastor; better bareback horses than those of James Robinson; and better trick horse than the world known Hiram, formerly of Spaulding & Rogers'? It is true that Chiarini has a good stock of horses, in various branches, but they do not excel the combination now performing at Albisu's Amphitheatre. I wish to make no comment on individual superiority, but will give you a compilation of the stars of both places, and those acquainted with them will see at once where is the best. In Albisu's combination, in the riding line, there is James Robinson, the best bareback rider in existence; Miss Lucy Watson, the best female rider that has visited us, and doubtless the best now in the United States; Frank Pastor, the refined school pad rider of European reputation; in the Terpsichorean line, Annetta Galletti and P. Cardella, the best dancers of America; the Tarin Sisters, double dancers of the Spanish school; Josephine Zaufretta, graceful *danseuse* and good harlequinist; Misses Millie Young and L. Lotie, dancers of fine appearance; in the gymnastic and acrobatic line, there are Hogle and Keefe, excellent general performers of great merit, and a great number of the best Cuban gymnasts; all kinds of clowns, very good; in the mimic line, there are Alexander, Louis, Josie, Louise, Bepo, and others favorably known through the country; in the African delineation, J. K. Campbell, Ned Stanley, G. W. Herman, John Prendergast and Frank Robinson; and a great number of jugglers, knife throwers and some Arabs. In Chiarini's Circus, in the riding line, are Sig. Sebastian and family, back back rider, well known lately in New York and New Orleans; the two Cuban negroes, Teodoro and Belen Cuba; and little Kate Holloway; in gymnastic and acrobatic feats, the Niaco Bros., now replaced by the Delavante Bros., good trapeze; and the four Nelson Bros., good fiddle and parterre act; Duverney, contortionist; De Louis and his trained dogs; in dancing, the negro boy and girl, Adelaide Nixon, L. Barroso and Gispert, and some others of less note."

Concerning Yankee Robinson's Coliseum, in Chicago, a correspondent writing on the 26th of December, says:—"Having attended Yankee's Coliseum last evening, and being much pleased with the performance, I would like to mention some of the leading acts or features, as, without doubt, it will entertain some of the friends or the parties mentioned. Yankee Robinson has been very ill for a long time, and is now in the country recruiting his health and energies for the coming season. The grand *entree* was splendidly gotten up by the Equestrian Director, Mr. E. W. Perry, who is a capital two and four horse rider. Little Minnie's endeavors to handle the ponies are sure to bring applause; Miss Jennie rides a good principal act, but we think there is much room for improvement (get up Jinnie and keep up with the times); the Robinson Bros. are clever artists in their line—their horizontal bar and trapeze are much better than the average; Messrs. Wm. and Benj. Snow, with their magic globes, hat spinning, comics, and trained dogs, are A *one*; the comicalities of James Reynolds, who, by the way, has a fine voice and sings well, combined with funny Johnny Lowlow, and Johnny Davenport, all in motley garb, serve to please all classes, old and young, and keep them in good humor throughout. H. S. Dinges, the agent, attends to business matters during Yankee's absence and handles the soap. Visitors cannot fail to find in the collection of wild animals—from the smallest Ring-tail to the Lilliputian Baby Elephant—a source of amusement, combined with the splendid equestrian department, seldom witnessed. The musical department is under Mr. Palmer's direction.

Stone, Rosston & Murray's Circus is meeting with success at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. Their talent is of good order, prominent among whom is the graceful and dashing *equestrienne*, Jennette Armstrong, Jean Bert, etc.

Frank Rosston runs French's Circus Company next summer. This is the concern lately owned and managed by Messrs. Thayer, Noyes & French.

The Circus known as Stone, Rosston & Co.'s, and now performing in Baltimore, changed hands some time since. It is now owned by Ben. Stone, Hutchinson, Murray & Coyle. The last named has been treasurer of the concern for some time.

A Fish on Horseback would no doubt astonish the natives of any country, yet it is among the possibilities, for we have a Fish, whose given name is Charles, among us who is considered the champion boy rider of the world. Circus managers can secure the services of this precocious equestrian Fish by addressing his paternal ancestor as per advertisement in another column.

Geo. S. Cole, although not a relative of Old King Cole, is a jolly old soul, we understand, and well known to circus managers. He wishes a position as treasurer for a circus for the season of 1867. Managers wishing to secure the services of this live Cole should first read his list of references, etc., in another part of this week's Clipper.

Davis Richards, equestrian, who recently met with a fatal accident while performing in St. Petersburg, Russia, was, at the time of the accident, about to start for this country to fulfill a year's engagement with Lake's Circus. Mrs. Lake having engaged him when she was in Berlin last winter.

Levi J. North and Son wish an engagement for the coming season; also for their trick horses and ponies. By an advertisement in another column it will also be seen that Levi has trick ponies, a well trained horse and a pad mare for sale.

Haight & Chambers' Circus was in Mobile, Ala., on Dec. 20th, and remained three days.

Negro Minstrelsy.

Dingess and Green's Minstrels were at Jamestown, N. Y., on Dec. 28th.

The Georgia Minstrels advertise through Chas. B. Hicks for an E flat cornet and one tuba and double base player.

Sam Leon's Minstrels and Brass Band were down east last week; at Saccarappa on the 25th Dec.; Gorham, the 26th; Bar Mills, 27th; Limerick, 28th, and Alfred, 29th.

La Rue's Carnival Minstrels are what in Western rural parlance would be called a "hefty team." If any are disposed to question this statement, let them turn to our advertising columns and see the names of the famed in corkonianism therein displayed, beginning with double S. Purdy and terminating with H. A. Stanley, who keeps on leading the troupe through this and other States to minstrel fame, if not fortune. Our readers who have the opportunity to see this troupe La Rue and don't, ought to be "laruped." A rueful countenance is never worn in their company.

Walter Conway's Minstrels and Burlesque Opera Troupe is the title of a band lately organized in Baltimore. They performed on Dec. 19th and 20th at Manchester, Carroll Co., Md. The company consists of Walter Conway, banjo profundo and interlocutor; Nelse Conway, tamborine; Harry Weston, bones; Frank Clarkson, banjoist and versatile performer; Harry Warfield, burlesque stump orator; Prof. A. L. Hanline (late of Kunkel's troupe), musical director; P. Reinhardt, violinist and alto; Chas. P. Flemming, guitarist and tenor; J. H. Kaiser, violoncellist; P. Holbrook, M. Hamilton, F. Holbrook and J. Sindall.

The Georgia Minstrels are at present in the Canadas. They are billed ahead as follows:—Ottawa, 1st and 2d inst; Ogdensburg, 3d; and Prescott, 4th.

Dingess and Green's Minstrels perform in Elmira, N. Y., on the 2d and 3d inst.

Dupree and Benedict's Minstrels are advertised in New Haven, Conn., for the 4th and 5th inst.

Skiff and Gaylord's Minstrels had possession of Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, Christmas week.

Morris Bros. & Trowbridge's Minstrels are doing a lively business in Boston. It is computed that over four thousand persons visited their Opera House on Christmas day and evening. Eph. Horn commenced an engagement of one week on Dec. 31st. Professor Wallace is creating quite a sensation by his performances on the Mouth Harmonicon.

Lloyd & Dudaux's Minstrels are now engaged in rehearsing for their coming campaign. The troupe wants but one or two more performers to make it complete. A full list of the company will shortly be published. An agent is wanted for this troupe. See advertisement.

The Buckleys take a vacation until February, and then go out with an entire novelty in the way of an entertainment.

Music Halls.

The Bluff City Museum is reported by our Memphis correspondent as doing well, Manager Allen having struck oil with his educated hog, "Wicked Will."

In the centre of Petroleum Centre, where petroleum merchants centre, two concert halls are now in operation, one called the Oriental, under the management of Conlon and Real; and the other styled the Apollo, with Linden and McFadden as proprietors. At the former, Al. Pierce and Johnny Clifton were among the attractions, and at the latter, Frank Howard and the Francis Boys were performing.

Miss Kate Bradford, the Hopper Brothers, Maggie Fielding and others, are at Fort Wayne Varieties, under the management of O'Connell Brothers. Among the principal acts of the Hopper Brothers was one called the Laperchepercilcusalavulearization. The reader will have to spell it to get at it in a concentrated state.

The Canterbury, New Haven, Conn., has retired, leaving the Union Music Hall in sole possession of the field. The M. P.'s came down on the Canterbury as a disorderly house, a charge which was not sustained, although they managed to inflict a fine for lack of city license. This being a combination Mr. Toop did not wish to play against, he took a back seat.

The American, Buffalo, N. Y., closed on Dec. 25th. Cause—bad houses.

"Jack Sheppard" was performed last week at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich., with Jennie Allen as Jack; Harry Clifford as Blueskin; J. S. Edwards as Jonathan Wild, and Fanny Archer as Sally. The company engaged there at present consists of J. S. Edwards, Harry Clifford, J. W. McAndrews, Master Barney, John Murphy, Tom Williams, Lazelle and King, J. H. Carle, Billy Watson, Chas. Wells, Hen Mason, Fannie Archer, Jennie Allen, Frank Christie, Celestine Carl, Naomi Porter, and Annie Nichols. J. W. McAndrews put in a first appearance on Dec. 24th.

Miscellaneous.

A Testimonial Benefit, in behalf of the Fenian prisoners in Canada, was given at the Varieties Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., on the 21st ult. We have not learned with what success.

Prof. J. M. and Mad. McAllister were announced to give four entertainments in Bloomington, Ill., commencing Dec. 26.

J. Denier, rope walker and gymnast, was in Louisville, Ky., for a couple of days recently, but everything was flat in that city. He left for Cairo, Ill.

A Youth, "just nineteen years old," who says he has the qualifications to become "sum punkins" on the mimic stage if he is only afforded an opportunity, advertises to that effect in the Clipper, over the signature of George O. Brimacombe. Will some manager tell Brim to come?

At Greenlaw Opera House, Memphis, Tenn., the Hanlon Brothers were pleasing the people last week. This temple of amusement may now be rented, as will be seen by W. Messick's advertisement in another column.

The Bateman Concert Troupe, comprising as the principal attractions Pareps and Brignoli, were announced for one evening, Dec. 26th, at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.

Japanese Jugglers.—Professor Risley, and his troupe of Japanese Jugglers, were passengers on the brig Alert, which arrived at San Francisco on Dec. 1. The Japan *Herald*, of Oct. 27th, says it embraces the most eminent in their line to be found in Yeddo. All the dresses, appointments and paraphernalia necessary to a series of acrobatic, top-spinning, balancing, and other surprising feats promised, constitute part of their baggage. They are under engagement to Manager Thomas Maguire, of the San Francisco Opera House.

Sharpley and Skiff's Combination consists of the following performers:—Sam Sharpley, El Nino Eddie, Sig. Montevardo, Masters Willie and Charley, G. W. Pike, Dollie Pike, Alfred Moore, James Gaynor, Chambers, Eisemann, Roloff, Birch, and M. T. Skiff. Their programme is replete with new acts in minstrelsy, new songs, glees, quartets, burlesques, sketches, dances, interludes, gymnastic and acrobatic feats, etc. The company showed in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th Dec., and were to remain there three days, and go thence to Buffalo on the 28th and 29th, and Lockport 31st and Jan. 1st. Lew. R Pike is the advance agent.

The Arabian Nights' Tableaux and the Old Folks are at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, exhibiting to medium houses. The singing of the Old Folks is good, and nightly elicits the warmest approbation from the auditory. The picture portion of the entertainment is only of a mediocre nature, we are told. The Arabian Nights' panorama or tableaux was painted in Philadelphia in October last.

Sig. Blitz is at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, drawing crowded houses with the "wood minstrels" and double headed sphynx.

The Peak Family, bell ringers and vocalists, are expected in Philadelphia in March next.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were in Albany, N. Y., last week. A correspondent writing from that city on the 26th pitches into the party or parties who are managing the business for these artists. He says:—"I don't know who manages the 'outside business' of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, but if their entertainment was as badly conducted as their business arrangements seem to be, I should say they'd have a poor chance of establishing a name. Wishing some tickets for their Tuesday evening's (Dec. 25th) performances, I stepped into the advertised agent's for the sale of tickets on Monday (the day before the announced representation), and was informed by Mr. Campbell that Mr. Paul's agent—a person named Jarrel—had gone away from Albany without leaving any tickets for sale. In reply to my inquiries I found that I had a long walk for nothing, as Mr. Campbell could not only *not* supply us with tickets but did not even know whether Mr. Jarrett would return to Albany. The consequence was, not being able to reserve our seats, a large party of us did not attend the exhibition. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are professional strangers in this country. Have they not fallen into bad or indifferent hands?"

Carrie Augusta Moore is this week skating on one of the ponds in West Philadelphia.

Professor Blot—we believe they blot out the t and make him Blo—is in Philadelphia, teaching the pretty Quaker girls how to cook. His cook shop is in the Assembly Buildings, and each pupil is obliged to bring her spoon for tasting purposes, and a book and pencil for taking notes as the Professor cooks and explains his theory.

Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, presents a good entertainment for the holidays. Prof. Harrison, magician, commenced an engagement on Tuesday, Dec. 25.

Father Kemp's Old Folks open at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Wednesday, Jan. 2d.

Brother Jonathan's Old Folks will soon appear at National Hall, Philadelphia.

Perry's Tableaux Mirror was at Town Hall, Mauch Chunk, Pa., four days of Christmas week. Their route ahead is Hazleton, Tamaqua, Danville, Williamsport and Elmira.

Huntington's Panorama of Pilgrim's Progress opened in Town Hall, Johnstown, Pa., on Christmas Eve, to remain the entire week.

The Carter Zouave Troupe opened in Lockport, N. Y., on the 27th of December, to a crowded house. Our correspondent says:—"The performance was excellent. Kress' piccolo solo took down the house, as also did the Zouave drill. This troupe has the finest stand of bills of any traveling. They remained the 28th, and then went to Batavia."

Spalding Bro.'s Bell Ringers showed in Lockport, N. Y., on the 24th and 25th, to good houses. Georgie Dean Spalding's harp playing elicited much applause. Emma Dean joined them there, taking the place of Kate Hutchinson.

A Gymnastic and Acrobatic Tutor is wanted by an advertiser (S. B. M.), to whom he offers a liberal salary. What Sir Cuss individual wants the position?"

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul open at the New Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, on Tuesday, Jan. 1st.

Destructive Conflagration.—A large fire took place in Elmira, N. Y., on Sunday evening, Dec. 23d, which destroyed considerable property, including Mechanics' Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall, and Puffinson's Hall. The third floor of the last named hall was occupied by the German Turnverein Society for dramatic performances. Their loss in scenery, etc., amounts to $3,000, which is insured for $1,000.

The Siamese Twins were on exhibition last week in St. Louis.

Major Burnelly's Museum, in New Orleans, is said to contain a fine collection of natural curiosities. On Dec. 24th Mrs. Rogers (formerly Mrs. Briggs), the "Lilliputian Queen," put in an appearance. Prof. Jukes is also there with a glass steam engine.

Tussaud's Museum, Cincinnati, Ohio, is open with a collection of wonders of art and a minstrel party.

Ellinger & Foote's Combination are at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, this week.

The Carter Zouave Troupe were billed at Auburn, N. Y., for the 1st inst.

Harry Leslie, the "Hero of Niagara," and Wash. Norton, Ethiopian comedian (late of Seaver's Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I.), are up for a joint benefit at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, on the 3d inst, when a consolidated bill of attractions will be offered, comprising the picked talent from the New York and Brooklyn institutions, such as must prove an attractive entertainment.

Amateur Musicians and a comedian are advertised for by "Manager" in this week's Clipper.

The Papa-Pareta-Bateman Concert Troupe concerted to a full house in Indianapolis on the 20th. They were at Terre Haute the 27th; Columbus, Ohio, 29th; Cleveland, 31st; Erie, Jan. 1st; Buffalo, 2d; then over the N. Y. Central.....Miss Jessie Taggart and Mrs. Kate Avens gave a musical soiree, Dec. 21st, in Indianapolis. The former lady is considered one of the finest vocalists in the State. She comes to New York to complete her musical studies, preparatory to adopting the stage as a profession. She is in *physique a la Parepa*.

The Mammoth Eidophusicon and Stereoscopticon opened at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Mich, Dec. 21st, for the holidays.

Yankee Glunn and wife have a new panorama out.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

The Menken took a farewell benefit in Liverpool, Eng., on Dec. 7th, at the Varieties, late Prince of Wales Theatre. She appeared as Black Eyed Susan and in the "French Spy." Her Parisian engagement was to have commenced last week. It is probable that the lady will return to New York at the close of her Paris engagement.

The "American Minstrels," as they have styled themselves, consisting of Frank Hussey, Hank Mudge, J. H. Surridge, L. Meyer, P. Stirling and others, have appeared at Polygraphic Hall, London, Eng., and met with much favor. This is the same party that started from this city a few months ago by steamer for China, but in consequence of the vessel springing aleak put back. The company soon after sailed for England, intending to work their way to China from that country. After playing through Ireland they opened in London, and up to last advices had been doing well. In noticing their performances the London *Advertiser* of Dec. 6th, says:—"Tested by the strictest standard, we think the 'New American Minstrels' will become eminently popular, and take a firm stand in the metropolis. There are eleven in all in the company, each of them masters of different instruments, some possessing clear tenor and alto voices, others excellent bass voices, fitted for the satisfactory rendering of solo pieces, but all admirably toned and blending in the performance of concerted music, whether pathetic or comic. As a band they are very strong indeed. The introductory overture to the first part brought out very distinctly their powers in this respect, and the opening chorus from the 'Enchantress' gave a similar taste of the quality of the new minstrels as vocalists. The entertainment is capitally balanced, and so varied that everything like monotony is avoided."

Blondin was announced to be in Dublin, Ireland, the last week in December.

Mrs. John Wood was announced to make her first appearance in London in burlesque on Boxing Night, at the Princess' Theatre. The "Invisible Prince" was the burlesque selected.

"Flying Scud" had reached its sixty-seventh representation at the Holborn Theatre, London, Eng., on Dec. 22d.

Artemus Ward continues at the Egyptian Hall, London, Eng.

Richard Davis, announced as a "popular Ethiopian comedian from New York," joined the Moore-Crocker Christy Minstrels in London, Eng., last week. Japanese Tommy continues with this party.

Carlotta Patti is said to be producing a great sensation in the Provinces of France. The accounts state that at Montpelier the crowd stood outside the concert hall the greater part of the day. At six o'clock a troop of soldiers had to be sent for to control the crowd. No sooner were the doors opened than the people rushed in like a torrent. More than two thousand persons were refused admittance for want of room. The receipts reached the sum of 9,000 francs!

The Nelson Sisters have been engaged to appear in Brough's burlesque of "The Varieties" at Liverpool, Eng., during the holidays.

E. A. Sothern was announced to reopen at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., on Boxing Night, in Tom Taylor's comedy of "A Lesson for Life."

Fechter was to make his first appearance this season in London, Eng., on Christmas Eve, in the new drama of "Rouge et Noir."

"The Long Strike" was withdrawn at the Lyceum, London, Eng., on Dec. 22d.

The Olympic Theatre, London, Eng., was to have changed hands last week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are the new managers.

Lydia Thompson has taken Marie Wilton's *role* in the comedy of "Ours" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, Eng.

The Slave Troupe of Minstrels were performing at Shrewsbury, Eng., the week ending Dec. 15th. A correspondent of the *Era* says:—"The Slave Troupe is this week performing here to very small audiences, chiefly consisting of gallery frequenters. Of the genuineness of these Ethiopians I need only repeat the words of one of their staff, who acknowledges that all but one use burnt cork, and accounts for that by saying that they are of various shades of black, and for the sake of effect adopt the uniform tint! As to the performances, the general opinion appears to be that more noise with less music would be impossible. The troupe certainly labors hard to accuse, but lacks the one thing needful—talent."

The Christmas Pantomimes announced for the London Theatres are as follows: At Covent Garden, "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," a celebrated pantomime of Mr. Gilbert Abbot A'Becket's, will be revived. It has been revised, and, to a certain extent, re written. Splendid scenery and grand ballets will, we hear, be the special features in the entertainment. The Payne Family are the chief pantomimists.....Mr. Blanchard is, as usual, responsible for the pantomime at Drury Lane, the subject of which is "Number Nip, or the Gnome King of the Giant Mountains." The same fairy story supplied the basis of a pantomime produced at Covent Garden Theatre, Christmas, 1827, and of a much more recent pantomime at the Grecian. Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Tom Matthews and Master Percy Roselle appear in the burlesque opening. In the pantomime, Messrs. Lauri and Boleno are the Clowns, and Messrs. Cormack and Saville, Harlequins. Mr. Beverley's transformation scene is, we understand, to eclipse his former efforts..... A new burlesque, by a hand hitherto untried, will be produced at the St. James'.....A new burlesque, by Mr. Halliday, entitled "Mountain Dhu," will be brought out at the Adelphi...."Ours" is so successful at the Prince of Wales', its performances will be continued, but a piece of Christmas extravagance by Mr. H. J. Byron, with the title of "Pandora's Box," will follow it..... "Meg's Diversion" and the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" are drawing crowded houses to the New Royalty, whereat no change of programme is accordingly needed.....At the Holborn "Flying Scud" will carry, it is hoped, not only triumphantly through Christmastide, but up to the close of the summer season.....At the Strand a new burlesque, by Mr. Burnand, entitled "Guy Fawkes; or, Ugly Mug and a Couple of Spoons," will be played.....At Sadler's Wells pantomime will, as usual, reign. The novelty consists of a version, by Mr. Neil, of a story by the Countess D'Aulnoy. It will be entitled "The Golden Cask; or, The Princess, the Page, and Queen Grumble." Mr. Boleno Marsh, a pantomimist of whom report speaks highly, is to be Clown.....At Astley's the pantomime will be "Hushaby Baby." Mr. Rowella will be Clown, Mr. Beckingham Pantaloon, Mr. Honeywood Harlequin. There will be two Columbines, Miss Lizzie Grosvenor and Miss Bessie Simmonds, and a Harlequina, Miss Esther Austin, from Paris.....At the Surrey a pantomime entitled "A Apple Pie; or, Jack in the Box and Little Boy Blue," will have all the attractions for which Surrey pantomimes, under the present management, are celebrated. Mr. Croueste will be Clown..... The title of the Victoria pantomime, by Messrs. Osman and Frampton, is "Cock Robin and the Children in the Wood." Mr. Yarnold and Miss Daly will appear in the introduction, and in the harlequinade Mr. Sandford will be the Clown.....At the Alexandra a pantomime, written by H. C. Hazlewood, Jr., will be produced, entitled "Prince Pippo and the Farre Maid of Islington; or, Harlequin, the Fairy Magpie and the Twelve Magic Spoons."..... Mr. J. A. Cave introduces at the Marylebone a pantomime, by Mr. Soular, entitled "Ding Dong Bell." Mr. Witt Clarke, an actor of much repute in the country, appears as Clown, and Mr. Eden Clarke as Harlequin.....Mr. Nelson Lee is once more responsible for the pantomime at the City of London, which he calls, like that at the Marylebone, "Ding Dong Bell." The burlesque company now engaged at the theatre will play in the opening, while Messrs. Delavante and Almonte appear as pantomimists, and are aided by the famous thrower of somersaults, Wardini.....'Sinbad the Sailor" is in preparation at the Pavilion. Mr. Hazlewood is the author, Miss Clara St. Casse and Mrs. H. Powell supporting the principal weight of the piece, and Mr. Giovannelli being Clown.....At the Grecian a time-honored custom of selecting some story of *diablerie* has been followed. "The Devil on Two Sticks" is the plot selected, and Mr. G. Conquest will, of course, play the part of the curious Imp of Darkness. Mr. C. Rowella is Clown.....At the Britannia "The Princess of the Pearl Island, in the Kingdom of Pearl, Gold and Silver," a title redolent of marvels. Mr. Hazlewood is the author. Mrs. Lane and Miss E. Jacobs have parts in the introduction; Mr. Louis is Clown and Mr. Fredericks Harlequin.....Mr. Towers supplies the Christmas novelty at the Effingham. It will consist of a story taken from the heathen mythology, and will be followed by a harlequinade. In the former Mr. Abrams and Miss Lizzie Watson appear; in the latter the principal burden is divided between Messrs. Hildebrandt and Ormond.

AMUSEMENTS.

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PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
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On this occasion it will be presented with
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TWENTIETH GRAND MATINEE,
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Curtain rises at night at 7½; Matinee at 1 o'clock.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY.

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On exhibition at all hours, the
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WM. M. ALLEN.....Proprietor.
The Proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that he has at a great expense opened the above Museum, where at all times will be found the finest collection of living curiosities ever exhibited, consisting of Beautiful Birds, Asiatic and African Monkeys, Apes and Baboons of every species. Ant Eaters, Wolves, Bears and other rare animals. Also J. E. LEIGHTON, The Original Glass Blower, late of Wood's Museum, Chicago.
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LESSEE AND MANAGER, Miss ANNIE EBERLE.
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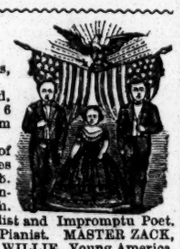

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STONE, ROSSTON & MURRAY'S CIRCUS
Will open for the
REGULAR WINTER SEASON,
NONDAY NIGHT DECEMBER 10TH, 1866,
With one of the
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A BETTER STOCK OF HORSES,
A FINER LOT OF PONIES,
DOGS, MULES AND OTHER ANIMALS,
than have ever been brought before the public.
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THE LARGEST HALL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE U. S.
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Besides the many peculiar features which have made this company so famous, there are now introduced, for the first time, many attractive novelties. Also, new names, new faces, new acts, new dresses, &c., &c.
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Now traveling with
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First class performers will always find engagements, by applying as above. 32-3m*

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Who has handsome Wardrobe, and quick study, wants an engagement with some responsible manager.
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This Hall is new, and a beautiful and well ventilated structure. I have thrown it open to all traveling entertainments on reasonable terms; will seat Fifteen Hundred Persons.
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At the conclusion of her present engagement at the
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The dauntless and fascinating equestrienne, and most accomplished horsewoman in America, with her
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GRAND OPENING NIGHT—MONDAY, DEC. 31ST, 1866,
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NOW RUNNING AT NIBLO'S, N. Y.,
And creating a sensation unparalleled in dramatic triumphs, must be made to CHAS. M. BARRAS,
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WANTED—AT CHADWICK'S VARIETY THEATRE, 115 and 117 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., GOOD ACTORS, SINGERS, DANCERS, MALE AND FEMALE MINSTREL PERFORMERS, &c. All good performers will find engagements by applying at once to
26-16t* GEO. H. BARTON, Manager.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
Return of J. E. McDONOUGH from Europe, Oct. 6th.
During his absence he has added to his repertoire T. P. Cooke's Nautical Prize Drama of
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Also, Dion Boucicault's last Drama, now being performed at the Lyceum, London, entitled
THE LONG STRIKE.
Added to which the sole right to E. H. House and Dion Boucicault's Drama,
ARRAH NA POGUE.
27-tf Address H. PALMER, Niblo's Garden.

LAFAYETTE NIXON has added to his Establishment, the CARLTON HOUSE, at the corner of 4th avenue and 14th street, New York City, a splendid LUNCH COUNTER, for the refreshment of visitors throughout the day and evening.
He is also ready to receive and impart equestrian intelligence to all such as honor him with a call in reference to professional business, without cost. 27-tf

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Just returning from New Orleans and their late Southern Tour.
Return of the Gigantic, Ever Welcomed and Famous
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(LATE DUPREZ & GREEN'S)
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
From the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans,
CROWNED WITH NEW LAURELS AND IMMENSE SUCCESS.
Having had the honor to play to one of the largest houses (over $1,500) as well as one of the most successful engagements ever known in the history of the burnt cork profession. Charles Reynolds, Lew Benedict and Billy West, the three unequaled Comedians, will appear in some of their latest Novelties nightly with this troupe. CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
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Now in its second year of continued success. Concert Hall talent wishing engagements will address as above.
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Persons of known ability in the profession can find remunerative engagements by addressing
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PROGRAMMES OF ALL SIZES, CARDS AND TICKETS, promptly executed in workman-like manner. The Dayton Daily Journal is the leading paper in the city. Information will be promptly given concerning Hall for Concerts, Shows, &c.
32-3m* W. D. BICKHAM, Proprietor Dayton Journal.

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IS THE BEST HALL IN THE CITY.
Stage recently enlarged. Also new scenery and a first class piano. Terms $10 per night, or $50 per week. This Hall never advertised in the Herald. [33-3m*] W. JACKSON.

TO MANAGERS AND THE PROFESSION.
An individual calling herself "The Hope of the American Stage" has lately been performing in Memphis a stolen copy of
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my property by right of purchase from the agent of Dion Boucicault; and I ask of managers (in the absence of her integrity) to respect my personal claim to its representation. I am compelled to make this appeal, if only to awaken a moral obligation we owe to professional courtesy, and discountenance those who can only be restrained by legal process. [33-8t*] T. E. McDONOUGH.

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The New Grand Comic Trick Fairy Pantomime, entitled
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AND THE UNLUCKY PAIL OF WATER,
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The brilliant and beautiful Danseuse,
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